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Summary of the News

The Mexican situation was rendered a good deal more hopeful by the surrender, on Thursday of last week, of the American troopers taken prisoner in the fight at Carrizal. Thus one of the conditions contained in the American note of June 23 was complied with promptly. The other condition, an early statement as to the position which Carranza wishes the United States to understand that he has assumed, has not, as we write, been met. Instead, Carranza, on June 30, coincident with the publication in Mexico of the text of the American note, issued a long memorandum, denying the assertions made in Mr. Lansing's note and reiterating the charges of bad faith on the part of the United States. In his speech at the New York Press Club, on Friday of last week, the President took occasion to emphasize the unwillingness of this country to interfere in Mexico. The speech has been fully quoted by Mexican papers, and appears to have exercised a good effect on public opinion.

It is too early as we write to assert definitely that the long expected, and recently much advertised, Allied offensive is in progress. In this war of colossal movements it is not impossible that an offensive even on so grand a scale as that of the past few days may in the larger strategy represent only a feint and that the real point of attack may be elsewhere. Be that as it may, after seven days of artillery pounding along a ninety-mile front, punctuated by frequent raids for the purpose of harrying the enemy and feeling out his positions, the Franco-British artillery, early on Saturday morning of last week, was concentrated on the twenty-five-mile front north and south of the Somme River. Here, east of Albert, was the apex of a German salient, the line afterwards turning sharply to the south at Maricourt. The infantry attack began at 7:30 in the morning. The first line of German trenches was taken along virtually the entire front attacked, of which apparently some twenty miles, from a point north of the Somme to one beyond its tributary, Ancre, represented the task assigned to the British troops, while the French supported the attack on the right. North of the Ancre the German resistance was more formidable than elsewhere, but over a front of at least seven miles, the German lines seem to have been penetrated to a depth of two miles. Montauban, Mametz, Fricourt, Dompierre, Becquincourt, Herbecourt, Fay, Curlu, and Frise are among the fortified places the capture of which has been announced, and the yield in prisoners for the first two days' fighting was given as 10,000.

On other fronts the news has been favorable to the Allies. At Verdun the Thiaumont works were taken, lost, and retaken again by the French on June 30, since which date, perhaps as a result of the offensive on the Somme, the opposing forces seem to have reached a deadlock. On the eastern front the Russians have won further successes in their southern campaign, the capture of Kolomea, which gives command of the railway to Lemberg, having been announced on June 28. The battle has continued west of Kolomea, where the storming of various enemy positions has been announced. In Volhynia, between the Styr and the Stokhod, and south of Kiselin, where the Germans have assumed the offensive, the Russian bulletins announce the repulse of the enemy's attacks with heavy losses. Further to the north, in the region of Baranovichi, a Russian offensive was started at the beginning of the week against the army of Prince Leopold, and there has also been activity along the northern portion of the front held by the troops of von Hindenburg. The Italian offensive continues. The occupation of Arsiero was announced early last week, and steady progress has been recorded in the Trentino. Sunday's bulletin also announced the extension of the offensive to the Isonzo line.

The German Admiralty's official account of the naval battle of Horn Reef was given out in Berlin on June 29. The account does not differ in essentials from earlier announcements, except that the losses originally withheld "for military reasons," and only admitted after they became known to neutral seafarers, are included in the recital.

Dispatches from London of June 30 announced that a treaty of alliance for twenty-five years had been signed between Germany and Austria-Hungary, providing for unification of direction of military and foreign affairs and for concerted action in regard to economic questions.

Secretary Lansing, on June 28, made public the text of a memorandum, dated June 21, addressed to Ambassador Penfield at Vienna, dealing with the case of the American tanker Petrolite, which was attacked by an Austrian submarine on December 5 last. The evidence in the case, pointing to an insult to the American flag, is recited, and Ambassador Penfield is instructed to demand of the Austro-Hungarian Government an apology for the attack, the punishment of the submarine commander, and a suitable indemnity as reparation for injuries sustained.

Announcement was made last week of the intention of the British Government and the Allies to abandon the Declaration of London and their reliance on existing Orders in Council for the prosecution of the blockade. The announcement came as a result of the decision of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the Zamora case, when it was affirmed that Orders in Council had no standing in British prize courts when they conflicted with international law. The announcement, as explained by Lord Robert Cecil, does not imply any modification of the existing blockade, but means that efforts will be made to adjust it to meet the strict demands of international law.

The demobilization of the Greek army, the decree for which was signed by King Constantine on June 27, has been gradually proceeded with, although there have been reports that the guaranteeing Powers are dissatisfied with the slowness of the Greek Government in carrying out their demands. A further demand, it was announced on Monday, has been made for the dismissal of 144 police agents in Athens, who are accused of activity against the interests of the Entente. An extraordinary demonstration of labor unionists, who were joined by many of the demobilized reserves, in favor of M. Venizelos was reported in dispatches from Athens on Sunday.

Sir Roger Casement was found guilty of high treason by a jury on June 29 and received sentence of death.

On June 28 Dr. Karl Liebknecht, the German Socialist leader, was sentenced to thirty months' penal servitude and dismissal from the army.

A vote of confidence in the new Cabinet of Signor Boselli was passed in the Italian Chamber on Saturday by 370 to 44.

The jury in the Federal District Court of New York on Friday of last week found Capt. Hans Tauscher not guilty of conspiring with Capt. von Papen and others to violate the neutrality laws of this country.

Congress has been busy during the past week providing for the expenses of the country. An Urgency Difficiency Appropriation bill of $25,000,000 to provide for the expense of mobilizing the National Guard; a Naval bill, reported to the Senate on Saturday, of more than $315,000,000; the Army bill, reported on Monday, of some $282,000,000; the Fortifications bill, approved in conference, of $25,000,000, and a Revenue bill to raise $210,000,000, brought into the House by the Ways and Means Committee on Saturday, are among the various little items of expenditure which have received the consideration of legislators.

The Presidential campaign has been rather eclipsed in interest by other and more exciting events, but we must note for the record the love-feast of Mr. Hughes and Col. Roosevelt, which took place on June 28. In the privacy of Mr. Hughes's suite at his New York hotel, overheard, if at all, only by the waiter, the Colonel celebrated his return to the Republican fold. It was stated after the dinner that Col. Roosevelt would take part in Mr. Hughes's campaign. Mr. Taft's coöperation is also promised, and report has it that past animosities of the two ex-Presidents may be reconciled. The only other political incident of note was the announcement, published on Monday, of the intention of Francis J. Heney, of San Francisco, one of the stalwarts of the late Progressive party, to support President Wilson in the campaign.

The open golf championship, held last week on the Minikahda links, Minneapolis, was won, for the third time in four years, by an amateur. The winner was Mr. Charles Evans, jr., of Edgewater.

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The Week

President Wilson's speech at the Press Club dinner in New York deepens the impression, already strongly made by his talk to the advertising men in Philadelphia, that he will bend every effort to prevent war with Mexico. In his speech, the President made full use of the fact—a fact attested by the extraordinary accord of the newspaper press on the subject—that the nation is almost unanimously averse to embarking upon any such adventure. If war must come, it must —so much, and no more, the President admits. In the face of all the vexation, all the provocation, that has come out of the wretched mess of Mexican disorder and misgovernment, Mr. Wilson evidently continues to keep his eyes fixed on something more distant but more permanent—the effect of any action that we may take upon the future welfare of our country, its relations with its neighbors, and its place as an influence upon all mankind. Nothing short of the clear need of protecting the country and preserving its self-respect, nothing short of the conviction that the war would be an act both of necessity and justice, shall drive him into asking Congress to take the irrevocable step. With the time thus gained for possible conference with representatives of the Mexican Government, to devise ways and means for safeguarding the border from violence, there is good hope that a peaceful settlement may be reached.

Military expenditures of the United States will soon be on a war basis, if the Senate has its way. It has taken the already swollen Army and Navy bills of the House and sat down quickly to write additions to almost every item. Most surprising of all, it has revived the ambitious building plans of the General Navy Board, only, instead of making them extend over five years, it has condensed them into a three-year programme —at a yearly cost, of course, much greater than that in the original scheme. Thus Senator Tillman goes the admirals several better. One thing is plain. This immense increase in the navy has nothing to do with the possibility of war with Mexico—though it may have been slipped through partly under cover of it. If we were to have to seize the ports of Mexico and blockade her coasts, our present naval force is more than ample for the work. Against what possible foe, then, is this sudden flurry of naval armament directed? The country is entitled to know before it is asked to pay the money. We suspect that if the whole truth were to be told by the President and the Democrats in Congress, it would appear that the foe really dreaded is the Republican party!

That militarism cannot be run on the cheap is shown by the bill to provide fresh revenues. The problem was to raise something like $500,000,000 a year in new taxes, and the Ways and Means Committee of the House proposes to do it in ways which have been fully indicated in advance. The income tax is to be doubled. There is to be an inheritance tax, in addition, of course, to State inheritance taxes. Manufacturers of munitions of war are to pay a heavy tax on their gross profits. All the new imposts, in fact, are upon accumulated wealth. This was abundantly predicted. Congress has had its appetite whetted by previous taxes of that kind, and is ready to go on with the process indefinitely. It is now certain that every large new Federal expenditure will be met in this fashion. If we are to spend $500,000,000 more a year for ships and guns, we shall know hereafter in whose pockets the money is to be found. There is already an outcry against the new taxes, but as it comes largely from those who have been clamoring for armanent without end, it is impossible to have much sympathy for it in their case.

For a candidate whose nomination was due to a purely artificial demand, artfully worked up by a few schemers with nobody knows what private ends to serve, Mr. Hughes must be admitted to be doing wonderfully well in the first great task that would have confronted any one in his place: the healing of the gaping wound in his party. Dinner with Col. Roosevelt on a Wednesday evening, luncheon with ex-President Taft on Friday, each conference followed by an enthusiastic statement of support from the parting guest—who else could have accomplished this feat? The ex-Justice was promptness itself in sounding the battle-cry against the ancient foe, but for the actual fighting he is making the one preparation that is fundamental, the unification of all the forces that traditionally belong under the banner he carries. This policy will doubtless appear also in the composition of the campaign committee, upon which the most prominent Progressives who can be got to serve will be found. Such a step seems elementary, but one is not altogether surprised to read that Chairman Willcox "was compelled to advance very strong arguments in favor of" it before the Republican steering committee could be brought round. The Old Guard might as well accustom itself to surrendering in the beginning. The word is not in Mr. Hughes's vocabulary.

Progressive eagerness to fuse with the Republicans recalls the Greenback leaders who desired in 1884 to bring about a fusion with the Democrats. Though Weaver had received over 300,000 votes in 1880, he saw clearly in 1884 that the only hope was in junction with the Democrats. That was arranged on a joint ticket of electors and Representatives, which chose one-third of the Congressional delegation from Iowa, and cut the Republican vote for Presidential electors to the smallest total since 1860. The next year a fusion ticket for State offices reduced the Republican majority to about 7,000 in a total vote of 345,000. In the Presidential election of 1884 this fusion movement contributed substantially to Democratic success; many newspaper utterances of the time on the Greenbackers' help against "the monopolistic candidates" could be found. Republicans may remind Roosevelt that Weaver, after the fusion, was active as speaker and organizer.

In Sir Roger Casement's pathetic address after being found guilty of treason, he complained that he was convicted under a statute of the fourteenth century. But his own ideas about Ireland, her cause, and her aspirations are all of the eighteenth century. He entirely ignores the great advance of the Nationalist movement by legal methods; says nothing of the fact that his countrymen are free to elect their own representatives in Parliament, where they have won concession after concession until Home Rule is almost an accomplished fact; and overlooks the evidence that the great mass of his fellow-Irishmen regarded his attempt from Germany and the revolution in Dublin as acts of madness that were a dreadful blow to Irish hopes. Legally, it is clear, Sir Roger had no case at all; and he might better have left out all that he had to say about the injustice of his trial. His only true right to sympathy is that he is a poet and a dreamer whose mind had been unhinged by long brooding over Ireland's wrongs. There is plainly no vengeful feeling against him in England. His appeal will be duly heard; and if there is any ground for commuting his sentence, or even for pardoning him, there will be no English outcry. Meanwhile, if the Government announces that Irish

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Home Rule is to be put immediately into effect, the verdict on the tragic folly of Sir Roger Casement's plans will be more severe than any which can be pronounced by a court.

The full text of the resolutions adopted at the recent economic conference of the Allied Powers does not materially modify the impression produced by the summary cabled a fortnight ago. In the portion which relates to the third phase of the programme—that dealing with permanent policy, as distinguished from measures to be pursued during the war and during the period of reconstruction—what strikes us is the extreme vagueness of the course outlined. Its object is declared strongly enough—economic independence as against "the enemy"—but the means specified are named as measures to which the Allies "*may* have recourse," and no indication is given of the degree in which this is actually to be done. Recourse may be had to governmentally subsidized enterprises, to encouragement of scientific and tecnnical researches, to development of industries and natural resources, to customs tariffs or temporary or permanent prohibitions, or "even to a combination of these various means." As a "platform" this may evidently mean anything or nothing, so far as regards the adoption of a really hostile economic attitude towards the Teutonic Powers; and it strikes the note rather of mutual aid than of injury to the common enemy. The truculence of Runciman's declaration—"Germany is a beaten nation, and it is for us to see that she does not recover"—is not in the least reflected in the tone of the resolutions.

The mere idea, to be sure, of a contemplated permanent division of the European nations into two groups fronting each other as economic enemies, is one that cannot be entertained without deep regret. But there is one consideration that is distinctly mitigating. Whatever intensity of purpose there may be behind the resolutions as marking out a policy to be adhered to after the war, there can be no doubt that there entered into adoption of them a motive having to do not with the sequel of the war, but with the war itself. Whatever value the programme may have as a promise to each other, the Allies are unquestionably counting on its having very great value as a threat to the enemy. The intense preoccupation of the leading minds in Germany with the economic future of the country is manifest; it is not only hunger or privation in the present, but economic loss in the future, that is exerting a constant pressure on the German mind and preparing it for the welcoming of peace on such terms as can be had, when the moment arrives at which military success can no longer be thought of as possible. Until we know how much the Paris economic agreement was intended as an element of war pressure on Germany, we cannot judge how seriously it was designed as the foundation of a policy to be actually and rigorously carried out.

The figures of our foreign trade in May are an almost startling reminder of the enormous growth of this business in the past twelvemonth. The total of our merchandise exports in that month was $472,000,000, which is almost exactly $200,000,000 more than the figure for May a year ago, and $280,000,000 more than the highest figure for any May before the war. The amount of merchandise imports is also—though, of course, not in anything like the same degree—a record-breaker, the figure being $229,000,000, as against a previous maximum of $164,000,000 for the month. For the twelve months ending May 31, exports are more than four billions, and imports more than two billions. The total foreign trade for the year is six and a quarter billions; and so rapid is the rate of increase that the twelvemonth ending June 30—the fiscal year 1916—will probably show a total of six and a half billions. The highest mark before the war was, in round numbers, four and a quarter billions, this being the figure, almost exactly, both for 1913 and 1914; and it is to be noted that the fiscal year 1915, which included eleven months of the European war, showed no great advance over this, the total for 1915 being $4,443,000,000. Nor did the exports, taken by themselves, show an impressive increase, their amount being $2,769,000,000, as against $2,365,000,000 in the year preceding the war, the fiscal year 1914. It was not until the second year of the war that our export trade took on the tremendous enlargement that has now become so familiar a fact.

As for the elements of which that enormous increase is made up, the classified figures for May are not yet available, but a glance at the details given in the Monthly Summary of the Department of Commerce for April shows some interesting facts. Domestic merchandise exported in the ten months ending April 30 amounted to $3,344,000,000, as against $2,018,000,000 in the corresponding ten months of the year preceding the war. Among the items that make up this increase of 1,300 million dollars, we note that exports of horses and mules contribute an increase of 81 millions, the total in the ante-war year being only 3½ millions; breadstuffs show an advance of 227 millions, being not far from tripled in amount; automobiles, and parts of same, nearly quadrupled, account for 74 millions of the increase; cars for railways show a gain of 19 millions; chemicals, drugs, etc., more than quadrupled, contribute 71 millions; brass, and manufactures of brass, multiplied seventeen-fold, give 97 millions of increase. Unmanufactured cotton shows the big decrease of $264,000,000, but exports of manufactures of cotton increased by $46,000,000. Explosives present the great increase of $331,000,000; and here it is interesting to note that our exports of these, which amounted to 5½ millions in the ten months of 1913-14, advanced to only 21 millions in the like period covering the first nine months of the war, but jumped to 336 millions in the ten months ending with April, 1916. Finally, it may be mentioned that under "iron and steel and manufactures of," we find an advance from 213 millions to 472 millions, an increase of 259 millions. The aggregate of the items of gain we have here set down is $1,159,000,000, and a few other classes, which naturally suggest themselves, would be found to account for most of the remainder of the increase for the ten months.

Not only is the recall of judges dead as a doornail; in the latest report of the American Bar Association's committee on the subject, it is asserted that movements for getting rid of the recall in the six States which adopted it are gaining force. Only two efforts at the recall of a judge in the last year are reported, one in Colorado and one in California. Both failed, and in Colorado the attempt was so manifestly unjust that 25 per cent. of the signers of the recall petition withdrew their names before it was filed. In that State, if the recall amendments "were now for the first time presented for adoption, they would be voted down." In California the judicial recall "is in such disrepute as to be practically harmless," though the Oakland *Tribune* refers to the fact that "any individual can trump up a dozen charges, get paid circulators to obtain the ridiculously small number of signatures required on the recall petition, and then start to outrage" a district. In Washington the recall "is mentioned only with contempt and ridicule," and the same holds in Arizona. In Arkansas, significantly, a pro-

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posal for the recall, initiated and passed in 1912, but invalidated on the ground that it had been improperly submitted, has never been renewed. The Bar Association committee also remarks the comparative silence on the topic of the two erstwhile vociferous judges, R. M. Wanamaker, of Ohio, and Walter Clark, of North Carolina.

The merit system in the Philippines has a record of steady progress. The latest report notes that, although constant effort was made to limit the number of examinations in order that only enough eligibles might be obtained to meet the needs of the service, 9,600 persons were examined last year, an increase of 2,900 over 1914. This is the highest number ever examined in one year. The increase was due in part to an order of the Governor-General directing all non-eligibles temporarily employed in clerical or semi-clerical positions throughout the Islands to take examinations. But "another, and perhaps the principal, reason" is of wider scope. It is that the Philippine civil service, owing to its relatively high scale of salaries, offers by far the best career open to the ordinary young Filipino of good education. An unflattering contrast to this situation is pointed out by the Chicago Civil Service Association, which calls attention to the enormous number, exceeding 30,000, of authorizations for sixty-day appointments to city jobs issued during the first year of the Thompson Administration. Twice the monthly average for the year was reached in March, when the Mayor was making his drive, happily unsuccessful, against certain Aldermanic candidates. The Illinois law is imperfect, but without it, in the words of the secretary of the Association, "the present city service would be a hotbed of spoils."

The Good Roads bill, upon which House and Senate Conference Committees agreed last week, embodies many elements of caution lacking in Representative Shackleford's measure of several years ago; and though it is still doubtful whether this form of State aid will not lead to waste, the risk run has been materially reduced. The bill, in the first place, is operative only over a period of five years, and in amounts rising from $5,000,000 in 1917 to $25,000,000 in 1921, so that the maximum which might be expended would be $75,000,000. The Secretary of Agriculture is authorized to approve only such projects as "may be substantial in character," and the Federal moneys spent on them must not exceed half their total cost. Population, area, and mileage of post roads are taken into account in apportioning the funds. The Department of Agriculture already has an office—that of Public Roads and Rural Engineering—competent to pass upon the character of the projects submitted to it, and one which has already done much to stimulate the States to sound highway construction. But the chief reason for questioning the advisability of the bill lies in the fact that the States are themselves awakening to the need for good roads. They built over 35,000 miles last year, and the establishment of State highway departments and the introduction of modern business and engineering methods into road work go on apace.

The suggestion of a more comprehensive and largely self-supporting system of pensions for college teachers, made by President Henry S. Pritchett in the ninth bulletin of the Carnegie Foundation, is based upon the proof of a number of defects and deficiencies in the present system. It has been found that the actuarial calculations of the existing pensions scheme represent principles generous rather than careful, and that "some time during the next ten years it will be necessary for the Foundation to obtain assistance from the Carnegie Corporation in order to continue the present minimum age of retirement." The scheme includes no pensioning of widows of teachers, or of disabled teachers who have completed less than twenty-five to thirty years' service. The fact that it costs the pensioned nothing has certain moral disadvantages, and also certain more direct drawbacks. The man who is known to be in expectation of such a gift will pay for it in unseen ways, and it is to the general advantage that there be no obscurity as to either responsibility or financial certainty. Thus the benefits offered by the Foundation have retarded the advance in salary-rates, the pension being used as an offset to higher pay. The smallness of the number of institutions admitted to the Foundation's benefits, again, has restricted the free movement of professors from one college to another, while the limitation has involved unfair discriminations. Finally, a more elastic system of fixing the age of retirement is needed.

What President Pritchett proposes is that the Foundation create a system of relief, including insurance and pensions, which shall offer not only old-age allowances, but protection against premature death or premature loss of earning power; and that in the support of this system teachers, colleges, and the Foundation coöperate. A sub-agency, for which he suggests the name The Teachers' Insurance and Annuity Association, should be incorporated under the Foundation's control; and it should offer term insurance, life policies to be paid up in various periods and ordinary life policies, and annuities for old age based on accepted actuarial tables. For receiving the deposits of teachers and accumulations towards annuities a second sub-agency should be organized, The Teachers' Savings Association. This should receive the payments of colleges and teachers (the colleges contributing towards teachers' benefits in any proportion they deem fit), should invest them in sound securities, and guarantee an interest equal to that realized by ordinary conservative trust companies. When a teacher retires or dies, the accumulated capital should be paid to the insurance and annuity association for the purchase of an annuity. President Pritchett proposes that the Foundation act as administrator of the whole system, retaining the free-pension scheme, now effective for seventy-three institutions, long enough to satisfy the expectations of teachers in them, but steadily merging it into the larger substitute.

A writer on South Africa in the *Round Table* draws a discouraging picture of political conditions since the recent election. The contest reduced Gen. Botha's South African party strength in Parliament nearly one-half, or to 54 votes; the Unionists, who represent the British vote, poll 40; and the Nationalists and other discontented elements, 36. South African and Unionist parties are traditionally opponents, yet to maintain Gen. Botha in office they have had to unite. The result is that the Government is being taunted with having sold itself to the Unionists, whose dictation it must accept; while the Unionists are accused of having so pledged themselves to the Government that they are obliged to swallow anything which Gen. Botha chooses to label as vital. Could they drive a wedge between the two loyal parties, the Nationalists might overthrow the Government. The strain of the war, crop-failure, and labor troubles are responsible for much discontent. At the same time, the parties united under Botha are vindicating the Union's loyalty well. In British East Africa 25,000 men are operating, 11,000 have gone to Europe as a South African contingent, 7,500 have enlisted in Kitchener's army, and over 600 have gone into European service as special officers.

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THE NEXT STEPS.

Unmistakable is the general feeling and expression of relief at the news that Carranza has ordered the release of the American soldiers held captive at Chihuahua. It is not that Americans think of a national peril averted. They would not class the giving up of these troopers as a critical event comparable to Lincoln's surrender of Mason and Slidell to England in 1861. The sentiment to-day is not at all that of gratification because American honor has come out of an international difficulty unstained. What everybody is saying is that an entirely new face has been put upon the whole Mexican controversy; and that a resort to arms is no longer to be set down as a necessity. The holding as prisoners of men in the United States uniform was a danger-point. There was universal readiness to support President Wilson in demanding their release, as he promptly and properly did. But the fear was that somehow this incident might lead to a war which neither the Mexican people nor the American desired, which their Government as truly as ours shrank from, and which promised nothing but inglorious fighting and misery. This apprehension having now been dissipated by Carranza's yielding to President Wilson's ultimatum, the minds of our citizens at once leap forward to thoughts of ways to maintain peace and to devise a broad and humane and lasting settlement of the whole Mexican problem. What are to be the next steps?

No step at all ought to be taken until after serious consideration. It would be a great mistake to fancy that the release of the American soldiers smooths out all obstacles. We have merely got by what might have been made a cause of war. Behind it there still stand questions of the utmost gravity, pressing for early decision. It is to those that the Administration and Congress and press and public must now bend their minds. If it is wrong to exaggerate their complexity and threatening character, it would be equally wrong to hold them light. Intelligent and patient study of them, with the aim of first understanding the problem and then finding the right solution, is the need of the hour. We shall not be advanced an inch either by sweeping assertions that nothing whatever requires to be done, or by such rash mouthings as ex-Speaker Cannon indulged in last week on the floor of the House. When a public man emits the raucous cry that the one thing needful is to take 500,000 soldiers and "clean up" Mexico, the feeling of sensible men is that his intellectuals need, first of all, to be cleaned up.

Primarily, the Mexican difficulty, as it affects the United States, is a border difficulty. It has been of long standing. Recent years have merely intensified it. In the midst of all the confusion and disturbance in northern Mexico, we have been apt to overlook the substantial achievements of Carranza's Government in the rest of the republic. Even there trouble enough remains. Problems of financial and industrial reconstruction sufficient to tax or appall the most skilful statesmanship confront the *de-facto* Government of Mexico. Its foreign relations have to be restored and regularized. Moreover, there is a painful amount of destitution among the people. Stories of starving women and children come from too many parts of the country to be disbelieved. Their relief is urgent. And the question may fairly be asked whether it is not the duty, as well as the great opportunity, of our Government to move forward in aid of the hunger-stricken victims of three years of revolution in Mexico, at the same time that we seek to work out the establishing of peace, and the security of life and property, on both sides of the border.

The great lack, we are convinced, is not of good will on the part of Americans, but of methods, of tools, of suitable agencies. Many suggestions are made. The Red Cross might be used, if the way were opened, for the carrying of food and supplies to Mexicans in dire need. A commission might be sent, if agreeable to the Mexican authorities, made up of distinguished and peace-loving Americans, to confer with Mexicans on the spot as to what measures should be undertaken in common. But the obvious intermediary, the great means of conciliation and settlement and upbuilding, lies ready to the hand of President Wilson. We mean, of course, the Pan-American spirit, and the entire readiness of the leading South American republics to place themselves at the disposal of both Mexico and the United States. Highly significant was the recent statement of the Argentine Ambassador. Señor Naón not merely expressed himself as confident of peace with Mexico, but spoke in a very definite and suggestive way of the attitude of his Government and that of the other South American countries. There was almost a note of warning in what he said of the "destinies of the Continent" being involved in the Mexican controversy. Recourse to violence, he declared, was inconsistent with the supreme interests of the American nations. President Wilson cannot ignore this. He cannot wish to throw to the ground the edifice of Pan-American concord which he himself has done so much to enlarge and strengthen. And in the assurances given by Ambassador Naón and the other representatives of the South American nations, that they are "always disposed to work for the peace of America," there is offered to him an instrument, for use in the present emergency, which it would be incredible folly for him to refuse.

THE PRESIDENT AND FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Will it in the future be necessary to exact of our candidates for the Presidency some personal knowledge of other countries and experience abroad? The question seems fantastic, particularly when one recalls how few of our Presidents have really known anything of Europe before being called to the White House. But when one remembers that foreign affairs have loomed larger under President Wilson than domestic issues, and that either he or Mr. Hughes will have to deal with the momentous settlement of the European war besides the Mexican problem, it is perfectly evident—as, indeed, it was prior to the catastrophe abroad—that our Presidents must more and more concern themselves with foreign affairs. Particularly will this be so if we move towards a world court or take some other step towards internationalism.

The value of such a personal knowledge of other countries is so clearly illustrated in Mr. Wilson's case by his lack of it, one could almost wish for a requirement that no one be allowed to qualify as President without at least two years of residence abroad. Of course, Mr. Wilson is not an exception to the rule. The whole period of "shirt-sleeves diplomacy" we went through in the last year was based in large part upon ignorance of other people's aims and objects and methods of doing business. These we took pleasure in flouting in order to prove our superiority. But at every turn in his dealings with Europe, notably Germany, Mr. Wilson has been handicapped by ignorance of the points of view of other peoples. There is good ground for the belief that if he had ever settled down for six months in Germany he would have known a great deal better how to handle the situation and he might have achieved the same results much more effectively without abating a jot of his demands. He could not visualize the situation in Germany, nor ade-

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quately appreciate the domestic problem before the German authorities; he could not wholly understand their processes of thought, and he had an Ambassador in Berlin whose ignorance of everything save official Germany, and of the German language, made him in this respect of little aid.

So with the South and Central Americans. In the years to come no part of Mr. Wilson's record during his first term will read better than his efforts to build up the structure of Pan-Americanism. No one can doubt that he has accomplished a great deal and that his aims have been of the highest. None the less, it is a fact that by reason of his lack of knowledge of Latin-Americans, and his policy of seclusion in the White House, he has as often offended the representatives of South and Central America as he has pleased them. Take his Mobile speech, for instance. It was high-minded, and particularly gratifying in its assurances of the friendliness of American aims. But there were a few unfortunate phrases in it of which Mr. Wilson himself was not conscious, that made the speech far less effective than it should have been. Probably no one else unfamiliar with South American life and its point of view would have avoided these pitfalls. Though Mr. Wilson might have escaped them by inviting in men competent to advise him, that is not his method of doing business—in this case with deplorable results. It is largely a question of tact and method, based upon a knowledge of the peculiar sensibilities of those who live to the south of us.

Similarly, if Mr. Wilson had a real knowledge of South America he could never have appointed to the diplomatic service there the men that he has. The apology is made for him that he yielded to Mr. Bryan, and that, after all, he did no worse than most Republican Presidents and Secretaries of State up to the days of John Hay. Neither is a valid excuse; certainly the time is coming when an abuse of the public service of this kind is going to be regarded as treachery to the nation. If he is aware to-day of the mischief he has done, it must be a source of bitter regret to him. The worst scandal, the appointment of Minister Sullivan to Santo Domingo, the public is familiar with, but it is not aware of many other unfit appointees to the American republics, which mean that Pan-Americanism is being held back by lack of adequate and proper representation. It is the more regrettable because many competent young men were turned out who had risen in the service, some to the rank of Minister, as a result of Mr. Hay's efforts to create a permanent diplomatic corps.

It is undoubtedly this situation, as well as that in Europe, which Mr. Hughes has in mind when he says: "At the outset of the Administration the high responsibilities of our diplomatic intercourse with foreign nations were subordinated to a conception of partisan requirements, and we presented to the world a humiliating spectable of ineptitude." But Mr. Hughes himself suffers from a total lack of European experience, save that of the occasional traveller. Of course, he will bring, if elected, an unusual mind and fine sympathies to his international tasks. But he will be handicapped by not knowing the points of view of other people, by his inability, like Wilson's, to look at the problem from the other fellow's standpoint. That is one great reason why diplomacy as a whole does not advance. The friendly personal aspect of things is overlooked, and the cut-and-dried methods of diplomacy are relied upon when so often there ought to be a new and different method of approach. In Mexico, for instance, we need to tackle the problem before us, not merely through Ambassadors and Secretaries of State and generals, but through direct methods, such as a commission of friendly and prominent citizens, the supplying of food, and aiding in other informal and unusual ways.

"THE KAISER'S CANDIDATE."

According to a legend which in one way and another obtained wide circulation, it was by the coercion of German-American influence that the nomination of Hughes by the Republican Convention was brought about. Indeed, this is putting the story in a comparatively mild and commonplace form; to get its full flavor we must recall such phrases as "the Kaiser's viceroy" which adorned certain editorial outgivings, and the cartoons that presented the figure of the Republican candidate overshadowed by the imperial form of William II, looming gigantic in the background. We suspect that the German-American editors who were indulging in pæans of triumph, and the Democratic journalists who were putting Hughes into the pillory by word and picture, were alike aware that they were "snatching a fearful joy," making the most of a time that was likely to be very brief. Mr. Hughes was nominated only a month ago, and already the legend has faded almost into nothingness. Another week or so, and it will be both dead and damned.

Not at any moment was there an atom of real basis for the notion; and indeed, to do the German-American agitators justice, they have never pretended to have any warrant for claiming Mr. Hughes as a sympathizer with their views. They had a peculiar opportunity for hitching their wagon to the star of his candidacy, through the circumstance that he had adopted a policy of absolute silence until the Convention had acted. That Hughes would be the nominee had long been something very like a certainty; and the most that can really be said of the pushing of his candidacy at Chicago by German-Americans as such is that it did not prevent the consummation of what a thousand other forces had conjoined to bring about. If there had been any ground for believing that the pro-German label would stick, it would unquestionably have caused a great deal of misgiving about the wisdom of a choice which otherwise was manifestly dictated as incomparably the strongest that could be made. But, as William Flinn put it a week ago—and as everybody who knew anything has known all along—it was "one thing for the professional German propagandists to declare they are for Hughes and an entirely different thing to get Hughes to be for them."

The fond illusion that these two entirely different things were the same thing has now completely vanished. It was subjected to somewhat painful process of attenuation from the beginning through the mere absence of sustenance; when a body of voters alleged to be of formidable numbers cannot get a word of welcome for their effusively offered support, that of itself suffices to indicate that there is a screw loose somewhere. Still, the one-sided love affair was kept up somehow. Mr. Hughes's declaration for "undiluted Americanism" did not do much to disturb it; those who had been shouting that they would "fight mit Hughes" threw up their caps for "undiluted Americanism" as gayly as anybody. But then came the letter to the Progressive National Committee, with its declaration that by a firm handling of the diplomatic situation the sinking of the Lusitania would have been prevented; and finally the Hughes-Roosevelt dinner, and avowal of complete harmony between the two leaders. If the affection of the "professional pro-Germans" has survived all this dissembling of love on Mr. Hughes's part, it must at all events have been reduced to a precarious condition; and what is left of it there is every reason to believe will be disposed of in thorough and workmanlike fashion when

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the candidate gets round to the task of making a comprehensive presentation of his views.

It goes without saying that Mr. Hughes wants to get the votes of as many American citizens of German birth or descent as he can honestly get. But it would be at once dishonest and impolitic for him to get any of these votes upon a false impression of his attitude in regard to the relations between this country and Germany. If any considerable body of voters feel inclined to support him on the supposition that had he been President he would have pursued a policy more favorable to Germany than that followed by Mr. Wilson, and if that supposition is false, then it is Mr. Hughes's duty to remove the misapprehension. This he has already in large measure done; and when he has completed the process, there will be nothing left of the idea of his being the Kaiser's candidate, or the German-American candidate. The German-American vote, in so far as such a vote exists, will be divided between Wilson and Hughes; indeed, that it is already so divided there are sufficient indications, such as the recent statement that Texas German-Americans will vote the Democratic ticket, as usual. Mr. Wilson, too, of course, wants all the German-American votes he can honestly get; but from the point of view of cold-blooded political calculation, we should certainly not be inclined to congratulate him on the fact that the German-Americans are not to be "solid for Hughes." There was never any real possibility that they would be; but if such a thing had happened it would have constituted a terrible drawback for the man who undertook to run the race loaded down with that solid handicap.

THE PROGRESSIVE VOTE AND THE RESULT IN NOVEMBER.

Mr. Vance McCormick, the newly elected chairman of the Democratic National Committee, is to be congratulated on the easy job before him. "I have already received assurances of sufficient Progressive support," he is quoted as saying, "to make the re-election of President Wilson certain." Assuming that the quotation is accurate, it may seem hardly worth while to indulge in any speculation concerning the November result, provided we also assume that no campaign manager ever says he has assurances of support which he has not received, or ever makes an arithmetical estimate that does not rest upon an impeccable scientific basis. But since this latter assumption is not altogether warranted, there may be some interest in considering the figures that bear on the question of how the disappearance of the Progressive party may affect the fortunes of Mr. Wilson and Mr. Hughes respectively.

A favorite ratio put forward by Democrats for their share in the division of the Progressive estate is one-third. Upon that basis—*i. e.*, giving to Wilson his vote of 1912 and one-third of Roosevelt's, and to Hughes the vote Taft got in 1912 and two-thirds of Roosevelt's—Wilson would have a popular plurality over Hughes of more than 1,300,000. And if we followed out that ratio of one-third and two-thirds in detail in each State, we should find that Wilson would have a tremendous majority in the electoral college. Upon this supposition, the Democrats would carry New York and New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Kansas, and even Iowa and Minnesota. The Republicans would be left with but a handful of States, aggregating an electoral vote of 127 for Hughes as against 404 for Wilson. Into the detailed distribution of the States upon this supposition, it is not worth while to enter. The hypothesis is manifestly wild, not so much because it leads to this result as because the entire history of the Progressive party runs counter to the supposition of any such constitution of its membership.

Let us see what comes of supposing one-sixth of the vote for Roosevelt added to the Democratic vote of 1912, and five-sixths to the Republican vote—a much more reasonable hypothesis. In that case, Wilson and Hughes would come out almost exactly even on the popular vote, with Wilson a shade ahead—6,979,000 to 6,919,000. But the electoral vote would be in favor of Hughes, he getting 297 votes to Wilson's 234. However, Ohio, with its 24 electoral votes, would be carried by a close shave, and New Jersey, with its 14 votes, by almost as narrow a margin. If we gave Wilson one-fifth, instead of one-sixth, of the Roosevelt vote, these two States would stand in his column, and the result would be a Democratic victory—Wilson 272, Hughes 259.

It will be of some interest to set down the classification of the States on the supposition of the one-sixth and five-sixths division. For this purpose, it will be well to make a remark as to the way the States stood in 1912. The States in which the vote for Wilson was greater than the combined vote for Taft and Roosevelt were the eleven States of the Solid South and Arizona, Kentucky, and Oklahoma. These fourteen States, then, with their 152 electoral votes, go into the Wilson column without the aid of any Democratic accession from the Progressive vote. On the supposition of a one-sixth and five-sixths division of that vote, the following additional States would be carried by Wilson next November:

California 13, Colorado 6, Delaware 3, Indiana 15, Maryland 8, Missouri 18, Nebraska 8, Nevada 3, West Virginia 8.

Adding these 82 electoral votes to the 152 above mentioned, we get a total of 234 electoral votes for Wilson. The States that would be carried by Hughes, with an aggregate of 297 electoral votes, are as follows:

Connecticut 7, Idaho 4, Illinois 29, Iowa 13, Kansas 10, Maine 6, Massachusetts 18, Michigan 15, Minnesota 12, Montana 4, New Hampshire 4, New Jersey 14, New Mexico 3, North Dakota 5, New York 45, Ohio 24, Oregon 5, Pennsylvania 38, Rhode Island 5, South Dakota 5, Utah 4, Vermont 4, Washington 7, Wisconsin 13, Wyoming 3.

As already stated, the ratio of one-fifth, instead of one-sixth, would give New Jersey and Ohio to Wilson and reverse the result.

We need hardly say that we attach no importance to any of these estimates; a remark which may remind readers of the famous recipe for a salad, which concluded with the recommendation that it be thrown out of the window. But while such reckonings are worthless for prophecy, they do furnish some kind of basis for that sort of conjecture which all Americans indulge in during a Presidential campaign. As for the underlying facts, it should be remembered that in 1912 the Democratic popular vote fell short of that in 1908 by only 112,000, or less than two per cent., while the combined vote for Taft and Roosevelt was almost precisely equal to the Republican vote in 1908, the difference being only a fraction of one per cent. When the circumstance is also taken into account that many Republicans must have voted for Wilson in order to defeat Roosevelt, Taft's candidacy being hopeless from the start, it would seem that the idea of any large *net* deduction from the Democratic vote in 1912 through the presence of the Roosevelt ticket had not much to rest upon. It is not upon any such calculation, but upon quite a different basis, that the outlook for a victory for Wilson must be based. What has come and gone since March 4, 1912, has played havoc with the *status quo* of four years ago; and Wilson will be elected or defeated according as the drift has, on the whole, been towards him or away from him, not among the Progressives of 1912 or any other special element, but among the people of the United States as a whole.

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Foreign Correspondence

FREE BELGIUM — THROUGH THE CLOUDS OF WAR.

By STODDARD DEWEY.

PARIS, June 17.

"People never gave so much thought to these beautiful, delightful little Flemish cities as since they are no more."

So Charles Le Goffic says in his touching preface to "The Agony of Dixmude"—a late, but surely not the last, book on what is going on in Free Belgium. It is the little patch of land not occupied by the invader. There King and Queen still rule, and there the Belgian army still fights for the independence of its country. A royal decree of these last weeks summons to arms the last Belgians, from eighteen to forty years of age, who are in this unoccupied remnant of territory or are living abroad. Let it not be forgotten that Belgium still survives free and fighting, and therefore still independent. Germany is not to bargain with the Allies as if she held Belgium in pledge. It is with Belgium that Germany has to make peace, since it is still with Belgium that she is obliged to make war.

This Free Belgium has been a little lost sight of as the waves of war roll on ever further and higher. Yet it was here that the second stand was made successfully against what Germany had been taught to think was her invincible advance. Echoes still reach us in Paris of that heroic time. At Ramscappelle, on October 30, 1914, the Belgian line was broken for a moment. All the night long the murderous fight was kept up. At nine o'clock the next morning the Fourteenth Regiment of the Belgian line held the railway—and the German attack had failed. The battle of the Yser, like the battle of the Marne and now Verdun, had been won by human bravery. It is a wall of human breasts against which the invader has dashed in vain. Let not the Belgians be forgotten in the history.

In Ramscappelle there is now not one house intact, not a roof, not a front without the gaping holes where shells of the furious bombardments have fallen. Often not a yard high of the walls remains. Where the railway station was, wagons twisted out of shape are still waiting. On the church front, ill-supported by smoke-blackened walls, the great wooden cross is still upright; but the nails of the Christ are broken and the figure lay ready for sepulchre on the ground below. In these last days, the soldiers have taken it to their trenches for piety's sake.

The church stood, like others of this region, in the midst of the cemetery. The tombs of many generations of men have been opened by exploding shells, they have been covered by stones from the tumbling church walls, their crosses keeping memory of families are broken and scattered—and here and there are pieces of wood from the coffins, with disturbed bones of dead men. War could not invade the living without attacking their dead. At the foot of the churchyard, barbed-wire defences still writhe where the bodies of those fighting were caught back to their own death.

Further along the way, there are lines of something like low ramparts, with here and there square holes in the ground. These are the Belgian trenches of the first line, and, across the River Yser, the German invaders still face them. The officer in command explains that these are not like the other trenches of the one endless war-front. The soil is too marshy here for real trenches below ground, and so these rampart dykes are built up above. All Flemings know the use of dykes against the gnawing sea, and these now shelter them against this human inundation. Only a few days ago the German troops kept their hands in by shelling these inverted trenches from ten o'clock at night to three in the morning.

"Are your men holding out?" the lieutenant in command was asked.

"Look about you—do they seem sad or troubled? Yet cannon is thundering near us. In an instant perhaps our turn will come, and yet our brave men are not moved. We are waiting with confidence for the end of the struggle—but all those you see in these trenches are resolved not to give back one step and not to finish the war until the day of victory. When will that be? I don't know."

La Libre Belgique, "Free Belgium," is a sort of Flying-Dutchman newspaper which is circulated unaccountably among the Belgians who are held captive in their own country by the invaders. The German Governor has never been able to find either its editors or its printers. It brings us an echo from that forbidden land.

A few weeks ago, the workmen in a Walloon locomotive factory were ordered by the Germans to do certain work for the invading army. They refused, and the factory was closed. After a few days, giving time enough for want and hunger to do their task, the German officers called together engineers and foremen and workmen. One after the other was asked if he would now do the work ordered. All refused. One workman, whose information was up to date, asked in his turn: "What right have you to demand this of us? The Hague Convention allows you neither to ask it nor to impose any work on us."

When each man had given his refusal, the officers required the director of the factory to speak to his men. He began: "Friends, the German authority demands that you submit to its orders and give it your help. It is my painful duty to warn you that, if you refuse to submit, the German authority has decided to show itself without pity. It demands that you reflect well on the situation you are making for yourselves and your families. If you resist, the German authority will deprive you of your wages. You will be reduced to starvation with your wives and children, and measures will be taken to prevent any one helping you."

The head German arose and insisted, in his bad French: "Do you hear? You will have nothing to eat for your wives and your children."

Suddenly, from among the crowd of workmen, a Walloon giant strode up and struck a thundering blow on the table where the German officers were seated and answered in his own *patois:* "Enough, in God's name. We don't work for those who kill our children."

The whole mass of workmen stepped forward so threateningly that the officers stood with their hands at their revolvers. They retired, bidding the director follow. The chief reproached him violently: "You are the cause of this—you called them 'friends.'"

The director contented himself with answering: "Some of those men have worked with me for twenty-five years—it is they who keep the factory going. They are true friends, and they would not understand my speaking to them otherwise."

Three workmen, who had appealed to the Hague Convention, and the Walloon giant who had spoken the mind of all were at once sent off to a prison camp in Germany.

I should think it wrong not to give two letters which show the heart of hearts of this tried Belgian people. Alexandre Franck and the Architect Baekelmans, both of Antwerp, were shot by German military orders the same day. Their so-called defenders were not allowed to examine the accusations brought against them at the court-martial. Their case was so disquieting that the Ministers of the United States and Spain and the Papal Nuncio united in a direct petition to the Emperor—and Berlin ordered immediate execution. The two men asked only time to write letters to their families. Franck wrote to his betrothed:

"My Dear Marthe: When I saw you I did not think it would be for the last time in this world. This evening the chaplain has come to tell me the petition for me has been rejected. To-morrow morning I shall be executed. It is sad, but there is nothing to be done. Surely, I should have preferred to live, but I resign myself. As I used to say, I shall at least know how I am going to die.

"I went to communion this morning—I suppose they already knew what was to be—and I hope the good God will receive us up above. Don't be unhappy and come to join me when your time comes. It is better so, God knows if we should not have made each other suffer here below on earth. Dear child, I wished not to quit you, but Providence did not will to leave us together here below—we shall be happier up above. His holy will be done.

"Continue praying for me—and when I shall be in heaven I will pray for you."

The architect Baekelmans wrote to his family:

"Good friends, you cannot know how willingly I depart. I say to myself that God in His great goodness has wished to call me to Himself at the moment of my life when I am best prepared.

"Dear Annette, I wish you to console her to whom I was betrothed—we loved each other so much. Tell her I ask her forgiveness for all the sorrow my death is going to cause her. She ought to be resigned, because I die as a brave man and hope God will soon receive me to His arms. With Gustave (a brother who is a priest) break the news to Mamma—but, I beseech you, with precaution—and be sure to tell her the sentiments in which I die. Ask her pardon for all the sorrow I have caused her in life and kiss her for me.

"You, too, Gustave, we shall see each other again some day. Pray for me and ask prayers for me—you are at the fountainhead. Bid good-by to all and ask Paul to remember me to my good friends of London. Let all pray for me and do not forget me too soon. Have some masses said for the repose of my poor soul. I forgive my enemies with all my heart.

"I wish you good-by till I see you again—all my good friends—but after a long life and a good one in which you will sometimes think of me, will you not?"

The Swiss who publishes these letters adds: "Belgians know how to fight, but they also know how to die."

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Notes from the Capital

GEN. JOHN M. WILSON.

If it is desired to teach the Plattsburghers, by example as well as by precept, how an officer should carry himself, Gen. John M. Wilson, of Washington, former chief of engineers of the army, would make an ideal model. Here is a man in his seventy-ninth year who, in spite of his Prince Albert coat and conventional top-hat, could no more be mistaken for anything other than a soldier than could Hancock in his prime. His muscles are as wiry and his shoulders as square, his frame is as straight and his step as firm, as when he was forty. His manner, though positive, is modest and kindly; and he has the sympathetic liking for young people of spirit, and the contempt for laggards, which mark the "gentleman of the old school" we read about.

Of medium height and well-restrained figure, with a distinguished face crowned by white-gray hair and adorned by heavy eyebrows, moustache, and imperial of the same color, he is a notable personality in any assemblage; and he is seen everywhere. He takes a lively interest in all movements for the beautification of the city; his name is on all the lists of citizens' committees, and, what is more, he is as regular as a clock in attendance, and shoulders his share of the work. When a Government bureau gets into a line of business where scrutiny of every act is necessary to insure against graft, somebody at once suggests Wilson as a good man to bring in as counsellor or supervisor, because his signature attached to a report gives it weight against popular suspicion. In such useful activities his life is full of suggestion to other retired officers who complain that their idle time hangs heavy on their hands.

Like so many prominent men of our day, Wilson began his career as a mere boy under the Capitol dome. He was born in the District of Columbia, and at the age of twelve was appointed a page in the Senate, which then included Clay and Webster and Douglas among its shining lights; and he not only listened to the momentous debates of that era, but witnessed the scene when Foote drew a pistol on Benton. Senator Gwin, of California, taking a particular fancy to him, advised him to go West and grow up with the country. The lad had not money enough to do much travelling, but Gwin arranged matters for him with the steamship companies, and he sailed for San Francisco by way of Panama. He found the city overrun with people seeking work, so, hearing that Olympia, on Puget Sound, was a rising town, he pushed on thither by saddle-horse and canoe. Olympia's population then numbered less than five hundred souls, two-thirds of them Indians, and the only lodging he could find was a room over an all-night ten-pin alley. Tired and hungry after his hard trip, with a jumping toothache, and a stranger alone amid such surroundings, it is scarcely wonderful that the poor boy cried himself to sleep the first night; but with the morning sunshine he shook off his depression and set out to find work. Thanks to the high level of wages in a new country, it was not long before he procured a job which paid him fifteen hundred dollars the first year, and so attracted the notice of men of influence that he was named for the next cadetship at West Point that fell to Washington Territory. For his journey East he chose the Nicaragua in preference to the Panama crossing, and thus, on his two trips, had a good chance to observe both the rival routes for the project of the interoceanic canal which was to become a reality a half-century later.

That he was assigned to the Engineer Corps on graduation is a sufficient proof of his scholarship at the Academy, as well as of the bent of his mind. In the Civil War he received six brevet promotions for conspicuous gallantry or other merit, and served for some time on McClellan's staff. He was with this chief on the morning when the President and the Secretary of War called to ask him to resume the command of the army of the Potomac, which they had taken away from him but a little while before. There is no reminiscence the veteran takes more pleasure in narrating, and the picture he draws of the scene is vivid to a degree.

Druid Hill Park, the pride of Baltimore, owes its beauty in large measure to a characteristic act of Wilson's. The city was threatened by the Confederates in the summer of 1863, and Wilson, then a captain, was ordered to cut the timber for a defensive work from Druid Hill. When he reached the spot and saw a grove of giant trees there which it would take perhaps two hundred years to replace, his heart failed him, and he took the risk of censure in order to go back to his commanding officer and beg to be allowed to spare these and hunt up material elsewhere. On the strength of his pleading, the permission was granted; no harm came of it, and to this day every Baltimorean proud of his home city sings the praise of the young officer who was cool enough to read his duty in the light of common-sense.

TATTLER.

Pacifism in History

PEACE PROPAGANDA IN THE UNITED STATES A CENTURY AGO.

By W. A. ROBINSON.

The peace movement in the United States has drawn so much attention in recent years that a similar movement of a century ago may be of interest to those who hold the belief that history repeats itself. The comments show that popular thought on the subject has changed but little in a hundred years.

The peace societies of 1816 were a result of the War of 1812, and were organized under Federalist auspices. During the war the party frequently entitled itself "The Friends of Peace," "The Friends of Commerce and Peace," "The American Peace Party." From denunciation of the war with England, it was an easy transition to denunciation of war in general, and Federalist literature abounds in eulogies of peace as the only proper policy for a Christian nation. "A Solemn Review of the Custom of War" is the title of a widely circulated pamphlet published in Boston in 1814. The New England clergy were particularly vehement in their denunciation of war, although, as Matthew Cary noted in his "Olive Branch" a year or two later, they had not hesitated in many cases to preach the lawfulness of rebellion against national authority, and it was generally believed that they would have been quite willing to endorse a war with France, whence had come the evils of irreligion and democracy.

Under such circumstances, the Massachusetts Peace Society was organized. In *The Friend of Peace*, the organ of the Society, it is stated that the proposition for such a society had been made in Boston while the war was still in progress, and that organization was effected both there and in New York during the summer of 1815, although not made public, "for prudential reasons," until some months later. The Constitution of the Massachusetts Society is dated December 28. Subscribers paid one dollar a year, and a payment of twenty-five dollars entitled them to life membership.

The objects are set forth in the Constitution:

> Our earnest wish is that men may be brought to view war in a just light, to see clearly its baleful influence on the political, moral, and religious conditions of communities, and its opposition to the design and spirit of the Gospel. Most earnestly do we desire that men may be brought to feel that a spirit of conquest is among the most atrocious of crimes; and that the true dignity and happiness of a people result from impartial justice towards all nations, and the spirit and virtues of peace.

The Society kept the name of "Massachusetts Peace Society," although branches were soon founded in other States, until some years later it was entitled the American Peace Society. Among the early members of the organization were Caleb Strong, Christopher Gore, Chief Justice Parker, John T. Gilman, ex-Governor of New Hampshire, and other notable Federalist leaders of New England. So numerous were the clergy in the Society that the Boston *Patriot* on May 25, 1816, declared:

> While the ministers of the Gospel fail not in their exhortations to public virtue, grounded on the Christian morality, may they never (as has been attempted) discourage or inspire a horror for these measures of national security which are necessary to the conservation of peace without reproach. . . . All are liable to aggressions of violence. But because the adoption of proper measures may familiarize the ideas of war and the high-minded sentiment of patriotism and national inviolability, shall they be exploded, as unfit for a Christian community? Shall our country be disarmed because war is opposed to the spirit and precepts of the Christian religion? Surely this is not the doctrine of enlightened Christians, who would blend the peace of their country with the duties of a citizen.

The Society slowly grew, and its branches appeared as far south as North Carolina, and west in the newly opened Ohio and Indiana country. The methods of the Society were on a small scale—there were no lavish endowments to aid in the work like those of the present day. The circulation of pamphlets and the Society's journal was carried on industriously, and the annual reports record the number distributed year by year. Correspondence among the various branches and annual meetings addressed by some eminent member constituted the chief exercises. A memorial to Congress, published in the eighth number of the second volume, records the Society's gratification at "the well-known and unprecedented union of several of the most illustrious Powers of Europe" as "auspicious to the pacification of the world," and urges that this "solemn profession of pacific principles lately made by several distinguished sovereigns of Europe may be met by corresponding professions on the part of our own Government," and that there should be an investigation of the possibilities of discov-

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ering a method of submitting international difficulties to an impartial umpire, the reduction of military establishments by international agreement, and "the abolition of the outward splendor so long thrown about war." Fate determined, however, that the activities of the Holy Alliance should lead to the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine, which has perhaps the most dangerous possibilities of involving the United States in foreign complications. The publications of the Society emphasize particularly the wickedness of war, and that it is essentially contrary to the precepts of Christ. Much space is given to pictures of the horrors of the Napoleonic campaigns of Eylau, Borodino, and Waterloo. Comparatively little attention is given to the economic waste of war, either from the backwardness of economic knowledge at this time or from unwillingness to base opposition on mere commercial grounds. The brutality of the military character and the incompatibility of military discipline with republican institutions are discussed.

But of greater interest than the history and doctrines of the organization is the reception accorded the movement, and in nearly a hundred years some of the comments have lost none of their timeliness. The Federalist press in general seems to have expressed mild approval or refrained from comment. The results of the party attitude on the war having proved so disastrous, it was, perhaps, unwilling to arouse further discussion. The recently founded *North American Review*, in a lengthy and philosophical discussion of the subject, expressed approval; but, in view of events of the last two years, there is a certain irony in its refutation of the argument that civilized nations which disarmed would be subject to the inroads of barbarians, who would overwhelm them as the northern hordes did the Roman Empire: "This is clearly a futile objection. The world is now explored, and we know that no such danger exists." There is equal irony in the statement that peace will be difficult so long as contiguous territory is controlled by monarchs who are indifferent to the real interests of their subjects: "But will it not be the natural effect of the progress of political knowledge and general improvement, that the European Governments will pass from the hands of hereditary rulers into those of something like a fair representation of the popular feeling and interest? Are there not even strong indications in the present aspect of Europe that the epoch of such a change is rapidly approaching?"

Democratic papers attacked the project with vigor, and the ably edited Boston *Patriot* is particularly effective. On August 10, 1816, the recommendation appears that the promoters should go on a pilgrimage to the courts of Europe, and "prevail on the potentates who govern to throw aside ambition," should follow this by a similar mission to Asia, and, returning to America, should convince our own people "that shaving notes, and raising fortunes on the wreck of those belonging to the widow and fatherless, are not the most Christian-like virtues. . . . Let those who have it in their power raise such societies as will tend to make those of the inhabitants of this country, who are not already so, brave and honorable men. . . . Let the articles of such societies teach that peace should be maintained with all nations, while their conduct towards us is marked with respect and honor—and on no other terms whatever." On September 4 a prominent place is given to the speech of Mr. Lowndes in the Committee of Ways and Means the preceding January, in the course of which he had remarked: "It is impossible not to see that Europe is more military than ever; and that, accustomed by twenty years of war to exertions that were once thought impracticable, her governments have acquired a power which makes *preparation* more difficult and more necessary on the part of every state exposed to the chance of their hostility." The writer continues: "The fact is that, let us look around the whole extent of our republican empire, and where do we find these dangerous combustible materials, which the Peace Society so much dreads? Where is the martial spirit, the love of hostility and bloodshed it is so anxious to eradicate?" People of to-day who ask the same question are receiving the same answer: "'Tis all imaginary. We everywhere see the arts of peace, the efforts of industry, the bustle of commerce, and the luxuriance of agriculture. The military spirit is entirely absorbed in the spirit of commercial and manufacturing enterprise. We wish to see it revived, preserving its wholesome heat and steady lustre. On it we are to calculate for the preservation of our national independence."

The Albany *Register*, quoted by the *Patriot*, July 20, of the same year, had this to say of the organization:

The Society, whatever may be the purity of its motives, . . . is the most dangerous and alarming of any self-created association that has yet shown itself among us—and for this simple, but unanswerable objection: that our Government has not the executive energies which distinguish all the constitutions of Europe. The despots of Europe have innumerable armed legions at their nod; while here, as the late war has demonstrated, every attempt to call forth the energies of the nation was frustrated by faction. Peace societies in this country, therefore, must tend to weaken our Government, already weak enough, and to strengthen those of our enemies in Europe, whether France, England, or Russia, already too strong for the safety of the rights of nations.

The Society early attempted to obtain support from John Adams, who replied with a refusal either to subscribe or accept membership. The letter was published by the *Patriot*, in the issue of July 8. Expressing sympathy with the pacific theories, he declares, however, that long and extensive experience "has convinced me that wars are as necessary and as inevitable in our system as hurricanes, earthquakes, and volcanoes. Our beloved country, sir, is surrounded by enemies of the most dangerous, because the most powerful and most unprincipled character. Collisions of national interest, of commercial and manufacturing rivalries are multiplying around us. Instead of discouraging a martial spirit, in my opinion, it ought to be excited. We have not enough of it to defend us by sea or land. Universal and perpetual peace appears to be no more nor less than everlasting passive obedience and nonresistance. The human flock would soon be fleeced and butchered by one or a few."

Similar in tone was the refusal of John Jay, dated November 12, 1817:

Prudence exhorts every nation to be constantly prepared to wage such [defensive] war, and that on the occurrence of a proper occasion it is their duty, as well as their right, to wage it with decision, energy, and unanimity, until terms of peace fit to be demanded or accepted shall be obtained. Until the Gospel shall have extensively corrected the hereditary depravity of mankind, the wickedness resulting from it will, in my opinion, continue to produce national sins and national punishments; and, by causing unjust wars and other culpable practices, to render just wars occasionally indispensable.

To Thomas Jefferson the movement might have been expected to make a stronger appeal. He had shown in a practical form his devotion to the cause of peace, but the results had not been happy. He had seen the futility of commercial restriction as an international weapon; he had seen the collapse of his silly gunboat scheme, and the breaking down of the militia system. He replied, therefore, in a sympathetic but non-committal tone, which was generally taken as justifying recent hostilities with Great Britain. Later, however, he accepted honorary membership.

Correspondence

PROHIBITION.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: We, the undersigned members of the Unitarian Temperance Society, ask space in your columns to enter a protest against articles now flooding the press written apparently to keep intact the business of the breweries by constantly affirming that prohibition is always a failure and beer well-nigh harmless. Typical of such literature is "Alcohol and Society," by John Koren, written originally for the *Atlantic Monthly*.

We protest against the idea that beer is the cure for the drink evil. Distilled liquors were not used to any extent for beverage purposes in England until about the time of Henry VIII, and yet we all know that England was cursed with drunkenness from ale and wine long ere this. Not only does beer cause drunkenness, it also leads to immoderate drinking. Take, for example, the fact that in Germany the extreme accessibility of beer has so fostered the taste for alcohol that Germany is no longer primarily a beer-drinking country, 49 per cent. of her consumption being (according to Gabrielssohn's well-known figures) distilled liquors. Says Prof. Gustav von Bunge, "Beer in Germany is worse than the whiskey pest, because more apt to lead to immoderate drinking."

As for the non-hygienic, disease-making quality of beer, we refer the reader to Professor Bollinger's researches. He found, among other things, that in Munich, Germany, one out of every sixteen hospital patients died of beer-drinkers' heart.

We note in some of these articles that beer below 2¼ per cent. becomes harmless. But Mr. Mjven, from whom the Brewers' Year Book draws this conclusion, says that he found this solution apparently harmless as far as digestion went, but adds that the point where alcohol becomes altogether harmless is a purely technical one and should in no way stay the hand of temperance workers. The amount is so small as to be practically negligible for ordinary beverage purposes.

Moreover, Georgia tried from 1908-16, a "near-" or light-beer experiment, but gave it up, because, according to Judge Broyles, of Atlanta, a light-beer law is unenforceable, as you cannot have a chemist with every barrel to see that the beer is light.

As for assertions giving the impression that

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the case against moderate drinking is not proved we believe that Dr. Benedict at the Carnegie Nutrition Laboratory, Boston, has proved beyond cavil that 30 to 45 cubic centimetres of alcohol (about a wine-glass of whiskey) "slows down" neuro-muscular action.

As for prohibition being nowhere successful, we refer our friends to the recent survey made by the State University at Kansas, showing that in 1913-14 the per capita consumption of Kansas was 86 per cent. less than that of the country at large.

CHARLES STEARNS, LYMAN RUTLEDGE,
CHRISTOPHER R. ELIOT, EUGENE SHIPPEN,
COURTENAY GUILD, JOSEPH CROOKER,
JOHN J. HOLMES, SAMUEL MAXWELL,
CHARLES F. DALE, ELMER FORBES,
ALICE HIGGINS LOTHROP, THOMAS ELLIOT,
FREDERICK GILL, ABBOT PETERSON,
WILLIAM H. PARKER, MRS. FRANK L. YOUNG,
ELIZABETH TILTON.

EDGAR WEIRS, President.

Boston, Mass., June 27.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just finished Charles Francis Adams's autobiography. It was so interesting that I read it to the last page. He did not appear to realize when criticising his father's life and actions, his lack of social qualities, coldness, industry, and great ability, that he was his father's son and inherited all of the traits of mind and character from which came his alleged failures during his life. I can fully agree with him that in some of his actions, during his younger days, he was, as he frankly admits, "simply an ass."

He evidently did not consider the fact that the prestige that came to him from his father, grandfather, and great-grandfather opened to him all the avenues of success in school, college, and business, opening with no solicitation on his part, the doors to honorable positions in civil life and commissions during the Civil War. He had none of the qualities of inspiration, enthusiasm, the instincts of a real soldier.

His opinions of some of the generals of the war were sometimes correct and often amusing. Grant, he says, was of a coarse fibre and did not impress him with a sense of character, and he might have added vindictive. Any strictly impartial man would have the same opinion, but he gives Grant more credit than was due him when, in his castigation of Butler, he charges him with breaking Grant's plan of campaign.

It was Robert E. Lee, not Butler, that smashed Grant's plans.

I have always believed that if Gen. McClellan had been placed in command of the Army of the Potomac, with a force that exceeded Lee's by more than two to one, and relieved of the interference of Stanton and Halleck, he would have captured Richmond in three months; which it took Grant eleven months to accomplish.

Meade, he says, was irritable, petulant, and dyspeptic (true, at times), but as commander in battle he was cool, collected, and self-poised.

Warren left in him a sense of lightness; that might be true at times, but he, Adams, did not recognize, apparently, the fact that at the battles of Bull Run 2d and Gettysburg he exhibited remarkable force and energy and the skill of a great soldier. For a wonder, Adams gives Hancock the praise that he well earned. Sheridan, he thought, "lacked character"; he might have added that he was arbitrary, vindictive, and cruel. His statements regarding "Joe Hooker," "Dan Butterfield," and Dan Sickles about hit the truth. A despicable trio!

I think he overestimated the ability of Gens. Sedgwick and Humphreys in comparison with other generals. The reason for that probably was that they (especially Humphreys) were his personal friends.

LUTHER STEPHENSON.

Hingham, Mass., June 1.

[Gen. Stephenson, who is eighty-six, served through the Civil War, and was very badly wounded at Gettysburg. He has read many interesting papers before the Loyal Legion.—ED. THE NATION.]

TEACHERS OF ENGLISH AT STRATFORD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been requested by the committee in charge of the Summer Shakespeare Festival, at Stratford-upon-Avon, to call the attention of Americans to the Conference of the Teachers of English which will be held at Stratford-upon-Avon, from August 7 to 12, in the Grammar School of King Edward VI. The principal subjects of discussion will be the teaching of English composition, the literature lesson, the significance of grammar, phonetics as an aid to good speech, reading in schools, examinations in English, rhythm, etc. The coöperation of the United States National Council of Teachers of English gives an international atmosphere to the occasion. It is not likely that Americans will be able to attend, but many will doubtless be interested and some perhaps will feel inclined to become members. During the first week of the regular Summer Shakespeare Festival, which commences on July 29, there will be a series of lectures on the "National Ideals of the Allies." Information respecting the conference can be procured from Miss Dorothy Macardle, Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. W. G. LELAND, Secretary.

Washington, D. C., June 24.

THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR'S TELEGRAM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: With regard to Mr. H. C. Mercer's communication, in your issue of May 25, concerning the so-called *Westminster Gazette* telegram, the validity of which he asserts on the basis of the speech of the Chancellor before the Reichstag, August 19, 1915, I must say that I have been unable to examine the *Deutscher Reichsanzeiger* and the *Koelnische Zeitung* of August 20, in which, Mr. Mercer says, this speech was published; and I judge that Mr. Mercer himself has not seen them. He has, however, most kindly sent me a copy of the translation, to which he alludes, of the speech, which was made for the German Information Service by Mr. M. B. Claussen. This document, the accuracy of which I have no means of judging critically, but which I shall assume to be correct, contains a statement of the Chancellor that, after the evening of July 29, he sent to von Tschirschky in Vienna instructions, which I find to be those published in the *Westminster Gazette* (see Headlam, "History of Twelve Days," p. 239). I shall, therefore, subject to future correction, if that proves to be necessary, assume the validity of the telegram, and would, if it were possible, insert in section VIII of my article that the German Government not only made some effort to mediate between Austria and Russia, as I explained in section VII, but that on July 30 the Chancellor cautioned Vienna that it would be a grave mistake to refuse to exchange views with Petrograd. "We must decline," he said, "to be drawn into a universal conflagration through a disregard of our advice on the part of Austria-Hungary." But I am unable further to change the substance, and certainly not the conclusion, of section VIII, since two days later Germany herself broke off negotiations and declared war. I must continue to wonder, also, that the German Government for more than a year seems to have given no other publicity to this most important document than was to be obtained by publishing it in the columns of an English newspaper.

EDWARD RAYMOND TURNER.

Ann Arbor, Mich., June 23.

ON LYNCHING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have just read the article written by Mr. J. T. Winston, of Bryan, Tex., in your issue of June 22, and also the editorial note following it, and I wish to say that all Southern people deplore just as much as you the lynchings in the South. But we also deplore the fact that you Northern people, in your ignorance of conditions in this part of the country, criticise people just as good as you about something of which you know nothing whatever. Of course, we have law-breakers just as you do in the North, and in this sparsely settled part of the country we also have what we call the "rape and assault" of our women by negro brutes, and this you never have to deal with. The North caused the South more suffering after the Civil War than during it by its overbearing manner of wanting to rule people who knew better how to rule themselves under the conditions surrounding them, and now in these days we feel that it is the same thing over again.

You have never had to leave your home with a feeling that upon coming back you might find your wife or daughter outraged and probably dead. Well, that is the condition that faces the Southern people to-day, and there is no law that will stop it until the South is more densely populated, and the negro comes to realize that it is sure death for him to commit this outrage. If people in the North would stop and put themselves in the position of the people who have their wives and daughters criminally assaulted, they might also realize some of the passions of self-defence of us Southerners when these outrages occur.

I am not defending lynchings, but we of the South are defending our women against these occurrences to the best of our ability under the circumstances, and we will continue to do so just so long as we are forced to do it. You of the North may stand by and let the law take its course, but the negro recognizes no law when committing these crimes, and the only sure means of stopping them is by a sure, swift punishment as was meted out by the Ku Klux Clansmen in the days of reconstruction. ELLIOTT G. BARROW.

Pensacola, Fla., June 22.

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Literature

FREUDIAN FAIRY TALES.

Wishfulfillment and Symbolism in Fairy Tales. By Dr. Franz Ricklin, of Zurich. Authorized translation by Dr. William A. White. Nervous and Mental Disease Monograph Series No. 21. New York: Nervous and Mental Disease Publishing Company.

Dr. Ricklin's monograph is for two reasons of no great value to students of folklore. The first is the author's frankly confessed ignorance of the subject. "My excursion into this territory," writes Dr. Ricklin in his introductory chapter,

was fraught with certain difficulties, all of which I could not overcome, and which prevented me at first from getting anything conclusive from my researches. The material is too great for a novice to be able to fathom it in all directions in a short time, so I was provisionally constrained to take my examples from only a portion of the known collections of fairy tales. The greatest difficulty was due to my philological and my historical shortcomings. With a broader philological knowledge, more could be gained from the same material. I have, for example, an impression, that in the Germanic mythology many documents lie buried that to me were simply inaccessible (p. 1).

The author's admission, however creditable to his honesty, is borne out by his treatment of his materials, and his obvious lack of acquaintance with the rudiments of the literature of an enormously complex subject vitiates many of his conclusions. For it is unfortunately impossible for his non-psychological readers to share his light-hearted disclaimer:

Anyhow, I arrived at the pleasing and important conclusion that for my work it was not necessary for the investigation of fairy tales, in a psychological sense, to know their historical pedigree first. In fact, this is often impossible. I found in the introduction to "Sammlung Neuisländischer Volksmärchen," by Frau Dr. Rittershaus, the following, for me, not a philologist, consoling conclusion: that the Icelandic fairy tales are found step by step in agreement with the German folk tales; that they, in part at least, are common Germanic property; but that, especially, the theory that all European fairy tales sprang from India is incorrect (p. 2).

That is *gemütlich*, to be sure; it is scarcely *streng-wissenschaftlich*. And it is not difficult to picture the reception that would be accorded an inquiring folklorist who, with an equally cheerful renunciation of all expert knowledge of the psychology of sleep, should enter the company of the Freudians with a discourse on the interpretation of dreams.

The value of the treatise is rendered dubious, in the second place, by the fact that Dr. Ricklin approaches his subject as an ardent adherent of a preconceived theory. He has at his fingers' ends the intricacies of wish structures and dream symbols and transposition upward and infantilism (familiar to all readers of Freud and his disciples), and in a series of chapters interesting in more ways than one he alternately elucidates the various phases of the Freudian doctrine and applies them to fairy tales. That he finds what he is looking for is not surprising. The only rivals of the Freudian hypothesis in the art of seeing what one brings are the Baconian cyphers. Nor is the parallel far-fetched. Working largely from the phenomena of hysteria, *dementia præcox*, and other psychoses, the Freudians have elaborated a complex theory of dreams, which rests fundamentally upon the idea of wish-fulfillment. To this, in the overwhelming majority of cases, a sexual turn is given. The list of dream-symbols constitutes a vast cypher, in which each of the innumerable objects that enter into dreams receives its own erotic significance. To interpret a dream, one has only to apply the cypher. And that cypher Dr. Ricklin has now employed in the interpretation of fairy tales. His method is simplicity itself. Whenever in a folktale given objects appear —serpents (or any dragon, giant, devil, or monster; see p. 36), frogs (pp. 37-39), nuts (p. 40), magic wands (p. 41), dogs (pp. 45-46), the mouth, or eating (pp. 51-52), fishes (pp. 52-55), flowers, especially on stems (pp. 56, 60, 71), turnips (p. 58), etc.—there, we are told, lurks the primitive wish. Nor does the method confine itself to the interpretation of symbolic objects. Certain types of tales carry similar implications. "The stepmother fairy-tales [for example] are only a special group of tales with sexual wish-fulfillment" (p. 15). It is impossible, for obvious reasons, to exemplify the treatment in detail. But the upshot is an affirmation of "the agreement of the sexual symbolism [of fairy tales] with that of dreams and psychopathology" (p. 3).

In some cases, without question, Dr. Ricklin hits the mark. The defect of his method, however (and in this defect he is following the leaders of his school), is his inability to see more than one possible explanation of a phenomenon. That such a monument of patient, scientific research as Frazer's "Golden Bough" (to name but a single instance) was in existence, Dr. Ricklin's readers would never guess. Theme after theme which he lightly and confidently disposes of has been made the subject of minute and searching investigation, and is susceptible of explanation on wholly different grounds from his. No treatment deserves the name of scientific which does not weigh and balance alternative possibilities. Dr. Ricklin is seemingly unaware that alternative possibilities exist. It is not, of course, a psychiatrist's business to know them—unless his investigations lead him into the alien field. Then it becomes his inviolable obligation as a scientist to master the new subject before he speaks. In the present instance, since Dr. Ricklin's colleagues in his own field are necessarily in no position to rectify his erroneous assumptions, his conclusions, so far as they bear on psychoanalysis, are bound to be misleading.

There is another device of the Freudian technique of which our author avails himself in elucidating "the deeper psychological trends" of fairy tales. A favorite trick in the interpretation of dreams is the construction of complex chains of word-associations. Here, for instance, is a brief analysis by Freud himself of one of his own dreams:

In a somewhat long and wild dream of my own, the chief point of which is apparently a sea voyage, it happens that the next landing is called *Hearsing*, and the one farther on *Fliess*. The latter is the name of my friend living in B., who has often been the objective point of my travels. But Hearsing is put together from the names of places in the local environment of Vienna, which so often end in *ing: Hietzing, Liesing, Moedling* (Medelitz, "meæ deliciæ," my own name, *"my joy"*) (joy= German Freude), and the English *hearsay*, which points to libel and establishes the relation to the indifferent dream excitement of the day—a poem in the *Fliegende Blätter* about a slanderous dwarf, "Saidhe Hashesaid." By connecting the final syllable *"ing"* with the name *Fliess, "Vlissingen"* is obtained, which is a real port on the sea voyage which my brother passes when he comes to visit us from England. But the English for *Vlissingen* is *Flushing*, which signifies blushing, and recalls erythrophobia (fear of blushing), which I treat, and also reminds me of a recent publication by Bechterew about this neurosis, which has given occasion for angry feelings in me ("The Interpretation of Dreams," p. 279).

That this sort of thing demands justification, Freud elsewhere recognizes, in his analysis of another dream:

I wrote down the expression plagiarism—without any reason—because it presented itself to me, and now I perceive that it must belong to the latent dream-content, because it will serve as a bridge between different parts of the manifest dream-content. The chain of associations—Pélagie—plagiarism—plagiostomi (sharks)—fish-bladder—connects the old novel with the affair of Knoedl and with the overcoats (German, *Ueberzieher*) [the rest of the chain had best be omitted]. . . . *This, it is true, is a very forced and irrational connection,* but it is, nevertheless, one which I could not establish in waking life if it had not been already established by the activity of the dream. Indeed, *as though nothing were sacred for this impulse to force connections,* the beloved name, Bruecke (bridge of words; see above), now serves to remind me of the institution in which I spent my happiest hours as a student (*ibid.*, p. 173).

It is not our present concern to discuss the validity of the methods of psychoanalysis. But when the same "forced and irrational connections"—the sole justification offered for which rests on the assumption that they have already been gone through with by the dreamer—are applied to folktales (where this justification is impossible), one may perhaps be permitted to cherish doubts. Here, for instance, is an example from Ricklin, so far as it is possible to quote it:

The Singing, Jumping Lark (Grimm). A man was going to make a long journey, and wished to bring back presents for his three daughters. The youngest desired, in this fairy tale, a singing, springing lark (Löwenecker-

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chen=Lerche=lark). Finally, on the way home, after a long search, he sees one seated in a tree, and tells his servant to get it for him.

A lion (Löweneckerchen=Löwe=lion) springs out (*such a play upon words one might meet in a dream or in dementia præcox;* children's songs and rhymes do the same), and threatens to eat the merchant for trying to steal from him his singing, jumping lark (pp. 41-42).

Hereupon, as explaining the reference to the bird, follows a paragraph in which the obscene connotations of *Vögelein, Schnabel,* and *Vögeln* are cited, "in order to support the inductive arguments entered upon." It will probably require more than the *ipse dixit* of an authority in psychiatry to convince students of folklore that the Open Sesame to their problems is found in the phenomena of dreams and *dementia præcox*, and in "the impulse to force connections" between words. Whatever of value Dr. Ricklin's contribution might otherwise have, so far as folktales are concerned, is vitiated by its dependence upon a mass of unsupported assumptions.

If Dr. Ricklin's monograph stood alone, it would not, perhaps, be especially significant. But it typifies, as it happens, a growing tendency on the part of the Freudians to enter other fields, outside their own, with the same airy disregard of the fact that these departments of knowledge have developed methods of investigation at least as rigid as the technique of psychoanalysis itself. Methods discarded by philologists decades ago live in the Freudian numbers one day more. Literature is interpreted, in the technical journals of psychopathology, in accordance with a system as fearful as it is wonderful. One such example will suffice to place Dr. Ricklin's *modus operandi* in its true perspective. For the method that underlies the new theory of folktales at least conforms to type.

In an article entitled "Wandlungen und Symbole der Libido,"* by an eminent Freudian, Dr. C. S. Jung, a poem composed by a neurotic subject (a woman) is analyzed. The first stanza is as follows:

> When the Eternal first made Sound
> A myriad ears sprang out to hear,
> And throughout all the Universe
> There rolled an echo deep and clear;
> All Glory to the God of Sound! (p. 162).

The second and third stanzas end with a similar ascription of glory to "the God of Light" and "the God of Love" respectively. The writer of the lines states (p. 161) that they embody confused reminiscences of Händel's oratorio, "The Creation," of Milton's "Paradise Lost," and of the book of Job. Upon this hint Dr. Jung speaks. Miss Miller remarks (p. 166) that a comparison of the first words of "Paradise Lost" with the first verse of her poem will show that the metre (Versmass) is the same, and she sets the two lines side by side. The comparison (however mistaken!) is explicitly on metrical grounds alone. The first words of "Paradise Lost," however, are: "Of man's first disobedience." Now, points out Dr. Jung, Miss Miller's poem has behind it the idea of the Fall, "in which there is prominent just that erotic element, the presence of which we conjectured above" (p. 167). It is true, he admits, that those who are ignorant of psychoanalysis (jeder der Psychoanalyse Unkundige) will object that Miss Miller might as readily have chosen any other verse to illustrate her point. She *has*, however, chosen this—and the reason is the unconscious expression of the omnipresent Freudian wish. A naïve comparison of two first lines to establish a metrical likeness becomes, accordingly, the betrayal of an erotic trend. But what of the book of Job? Miss Miller, as it happens, states explicitly (p. 161) that the first suggestion for the poem came from the words: "when the morning stars sang together." Dr. Jung, however, gravely states (p. 167) that "unfortunately, Miss Miller fails to say what passages from Job occurred to her"! Dr. Ricklin is not alone in his vagueness regarding his unaccustomed materials. But Dr. Jung is nothing daunted. In a remarkable discussion, extending to twelve pages, he offers his interpretation of Job, the drift of which may be guessed from the explanation of the emphasis placed on Behemoth, as representing "the phallic attribute of God the Creator" (p. 175). Miss Miller's *Tendenz* is again explained. "What nedeth wordes mo?" As for the idea of "The Creation," Dr. Jung ventures a conjecture, to wit, the following chain of associations (Assoziationskette): "The singer—the singing morning stars—the God of sound—the creator—the God of light (of the sun)—(of fire)—and of love." Sun and fire are inserted in parenthesis; they are, however, we are told, to be justified later as erotic terms, and the conclusion of the whole matter is the statement that the Creation becomes significant through its allusion, "auf die Untertöne des Eros, auf die mitschwingenden Akkorde der Natur, die sich in jedem Liebespaare zu verjüngen trachet und das Wunder der Schöpfung erwartet" (p. 165). The Baconians must hide their diminished heads. Incidentally, Miss Miller happens to use (p. 172) the phrase "only this and nothing more." This gives Dr. Jung an opportunity to analyze "The Raven" as a poem of despair for a lost love, with the inevitable conclusion regarding "unsere Dichterin." The reviewer trembles at the thought of the revelations that are latent in his casual quotation from Chaucer above.

Dr. Ricklin's book is significant, then, because it represents the application of a method which, however valid it may be in its own field (a question which does not concern us here), becomes ridiculous when employed in fields of knowledge the rudiments of which have not been learned. Folklore and literature may well be treasure-trove for the practitioners of psychonanalysis, and results of value may conceivably be obtained from such research. But they will not be obtained until the Freudians pay to other sciences the tribute of a preliminary understanding which they rightly exact of those who approach their own.

It may be added that the translation of Dr. Ricklin's book leaves much to be desired.

*Jahrbuch für psychoanalytische und psychopathologische Forschungen, Bd. III (1911), pp. 120-227.

CURRENT FICTION.

Samaritan Mary. By Sumner Locke. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

A convenient automobile accident gave Samaritan Mary the opportunity to convert her house into a hospital and succor the victims to her heart's content. In one room lay the young man from the city whose car had caused the havoc, in another the country maiden whom the collision had unseated from her perch on the local grocer's cart. And while Mary ministered to them, keeping each in ignorance of the other's presence, shrewd surmises and romantic notions alternated in Mary's busy brain. What brought this so precipitate youth into the country? What has this particular country maiden to do with his quest? Is there to be no happy conclusion without a preliminary divorce? We have no intention of giving the answers away free. These are the secrets for which the reader must dig; but we do not mind imparting that they lie buried deep, in all but impenetrable layers of laboriously humorous conversation. The phraseology in which Samaritan Mary and her familiars involve their rural philosophy is all too plainly a product of the fountain pen; certainly it never flowed from any human lips.

The Shepherd of the North. By Richard Aumerle Maher. New York: The Macmillan Co.

This is a story of romantic temper, but its romance is of serious and responsible sort. The scene is laid in northern New York, near the Canadian line. The Shepherd is the Roman Catholic bishop of the district. His people are largely of Canadian French strain, but he himself is a Yankee, with the Puritan name of Joseph Winthrop, and he speaks only French as it was taught at Harvard in the fifties. He has the New Englander's grim persistence and rugged force, strangely joined to the spiritual exaltation of the Romanist. His charges in the northern Adirondack region are hard-working and thrifty and home-loving people. Two among them, Ruth Lansing and Jeffrey Whiting, are the essential pair of the story. They have had a boy and girl friendship, from which they are emerging into another relation as the narrative begins. At the moment when young Jeffrey is about to set out to make his fortune, a stranger appears in the community. He professes to be looking for options upon certain farms which lie in the way of a proposed extension of a great railway. Really, he is the agent of the railway and of certain promoters who have discovered iron in the hills of the Beaver Run country, and

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are buying it up on that account. Jeffrey finds out what is up, and begins a long fight against the interlopers, in the course of which there is much to be suffered from the open and secret villany of the men in high places who are backing the "steal." In the end the boy becomes leader of a desperate rebellion. But the railway has everything in its hands, and the State militia are about to set a bloody seal upon the whole precious transaction, when the Bishop takes a hand. The means by which he effects the withdrawal of the troops and a favorable outcome for his parishioners must be admitted to be somewhat sentimental, not to say melodramatic. And the culminating situation relating to the, as it were, official "love-interest" of the story is a trifle strained and unreal. The story-teller writes out of a devout belief in the power of the Roman faith, and the reader is now and then dangerously near the feeling that he is being lured into the reading of a tract. But the book fairly escapes this; as a whole, it is written with dignity of mood and of manner.

Gibby of Clamshell Alley. By Jasmine Stone Van Dresser. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The prince in disguise, unknown to his foster-parents, to his neighbors, even to himself; this is the eternal theme of romances of childhood. Though he grows up neglected, abused, unschooled, in the roughest and most unpromising surroundings, his blood always shows itself in his originality, his leadership, his natural sense of honor; pitch never really defiles him; and at last he always comes into his kingdom. Such is the story of Gibby, who, in spite of the romantic presuppositions just mentioned—to be a hero involves a heavy handicap—is a lovable small boy, and almost a real one. In his babyhood his parents are lost in a wreck off the New England coast, and he is rescued by a half-witted sailor who drifts ashore with him in an open boat. For background there is the "Cove," the poor and shiftless quarter of the coast town of Agawam; the "covers" subsist chiefly by clamming. The hero lives "part of the time" in the family of Burly Macgregor, the village bully, and the only person who knows that the boy is Judge Tilton's grandson. Burly is a satisfying kind of villain—thief and liar as well as bully and coward. Later Gibby is adopted by a queer but kind old woman; and through entering the clam business he gets acquainted with Judge Tilton and Miss Listy Prentiss, the young lady bountiful of the story. Meanwhile he has become the leader of the gang of village boys—an unbelievably clean gang, considering their antecedents. There seem, by the way, to have been no girls among the cove children. With the help of his followers, Gibby at last gets the better of the villanous Burly, who has a spite against him and his "granny." He also makes a success in organizing the clam business before he comes into his rightful inheritance. At some sacrifice of reality, the author has made him tell his own story, and he tells it entertainingly. The illustrations by William Van Dresser are unusually appropriate and attractive.

Cam Clarke. By John H. Walsh. New York: The Macmillan Co.

As one reads stories of earlier days in the West, one wonders whether all Western towns were sentimental in their beginnings; how much, that is, of the literary convention of sentimentality was founded upon fact, and how much upon the dream of Atlantis. We cannot ask the survivors of those days, for they would not understand our question. And, after all, perhaps this is a kind of answer. Men and women of the pioneer type were swayed by sentiment which they did not fully understand, else they would not have gone pioneering. Nominally this is a book about a boy; really it is a picture of the beginnings of Washtucna, a town in the "Palouse Country," Washington. Cam Clarke, we are told, is a boy of genius, who is later to become a great financier and railway builder. As a boy, however, he is rather disappointing. He is normal enough in most respects, but a little too self-satisfied and sure of himself. It is not that he is conceited; a boy may have any amount of conceit, and yet be capable of abysses of humility which a grown man can scarcely fathom. But Cam is the sharp, smug, and wide-awake American business man in miniature. Such a boy may be destined to succeed in life, but he is not lovable. The publishers' suggested comparison with Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn is deadly to Cam Clarke. And Cam's mother, the beautiful and saintly Sarah Clarke, who is the Madonna of the town, looks a great deal too much like a Christmas card. Far more attractive are some of the pioneers of Washtucna—Doc Punts, and Judge Rusher, and Mr. Skookum Jones. These old fellows are vigorously drawn; and for the rest, the reader will find a good deal of gun-play, a lynching, and a variety of boys' pranks.

A NEW HISTORY OF FRANCE.

The Century of the Renaissance. By Louis Batiffol. Translated from the French by Elsie F. Buckley. With an Introduction by J. E. C. Bodley. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50 net.

Twenty years ago there was a notable dearth of good general histories of France. Men had come to recognize that the field was too large to be satisfactorily covered by a single writer, and collaborate enterprises had not yet come into fashion. Then, in 1900, M. Lavisse launched his notable "Histoire de France jusqu'à 1789," in nine large volumes, composed by sixteen of the foremost scholars of the day; and ten years later he brought it to a triumphant conclusion. No more distinguished coöperative work than this has ever been put forth. The quintessence of modern learning is made readily available on every page: it is indispensable to the professional historian; but it is too long and too elaborate for the purposes of the amateur. To fill the gap between it and such admirable abridgments as Duruy's well-known manual, Mr. M. Funck-Brentano undertook, some years ago, to edit a "Histoire de France racontée à tous" in six volumes, by different authors. Of these, four have been already published, and the other two are to be expected in the near future. Meantime a translation of the whole work into English has been arranged, under the title of "The National History of France," and the present volume, the second of the series, is the first to see the light.

M. Batiffol's name is so well known to all serious students of the history of France in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries that it is almost superfluous to dwell on the qualities of the original; and the fact that it was crowned by the Académie des Sciences Morales et Politiques is an additional guarantee of its excellence. The period covered extends from 1483 to 1610—from the accession of Charles VIII to the death of Henry IV; it therefore includes the Italian and Hapsburg-Valois wars, the internal struggles which arose out of the Reformation, and the reorganization of the monarchy under the first Bourbon king. So simply and easily does the story flow along that the casual reader might be deceived into thinking that it was superficial; but a second look ought to convince him that it is as solid as it is brilliant. And it is far more than a mere narrative. Two admirable concluding chapters on "Civilization under the Last Valois" and "The Kingdom of France About 1600" illustrate the relation of the political history to the constitutional, social, literary, and artistic life of the time. A little more might have been made of the economic side, and of the political philosophy of the Reformers. The relation of the ideas of men like Beza, Hotman, and Du Plessis Mornay to those of Jean Jacques Rousseau and his contemporaries, is a fascinating topic, on which more light would be specially welcome. But it is graceless to complain when one has so much. The translating has been excellently well done. It is very accurate, and the character and charm of the original French are admirably preserved without doing violence to the English style.

Those who have not kept abreast of the revision of older verdicts which modern historical scholarship has brought about, will doubtless be amazed at many of the views expressed in this interesting book. The picture of Cathérine de Médicis may be cited as an example. "A healthy, robust woman, who had a large appetite, took plenty of exercise, and was extremely brisk and lively, though she was so stout that Brantôme calls her 'a lady of masculine proportions,' . . . every one agreed in thinking her 'an extremely agreeable and gentle princess.' . . . Generous to the point of prodigality

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and disorder, loving comfort, receptions, and all the splendor of a sumptuous court life, . . . her greatest joy was to see the nobility at peace, enjoying themselves at her festivities. . . . She had but a single object in view—the preservation of the King's [Charles IX's] authority and her own. Rightly or wrongly, she thought that but one method could secure this object—the method of conciliation. She failed, and has been accused of weakness and treachery. Greater ability, greater luck, or better conditions enabled Henry IV to succeed. He is called a great man, and yet fundamentally their two policies were identical" (p. 193). This is assuredly very different from what our fathers and mothers were taught to believe about the "Serpent of Florence"; but there can be little doubt that it is right. Altogether this book affords not only an excellent but also a distinctly pleasant means of accomplishing that usually boring process of bringing one's self up to date.

HILLS AND MOUNTAINS.

The Hills of Hingham. By Dallas Lore Sharp. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

The Mountain. By John C. Van Dyke. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.25 net.

Hills and mountains have, among other things, this in common: that both offer refuge from the rush and glare of the city. To Dallas Lore Sharp, *Atlantic* essayist, reader of freshman themes, and commuter, Mullein Hill, Hingham, Mass., is first of all a refuge. Certainly it is not first of all a hill, since "we have a stump on Mullein Hill for height." But genuine hill or not, it is "fourteen acres more or less" of paradise, or, rather, "of an ancient glacier, a fourteen-acre heap of unmitigated gravel, which now these almost fourteen years I have been trying to clear of stones, picking, picking for a whole Stone Age." Here the inner man can possess himself and muse fruitfully, whereas in the city reflection is alien. "Gregariousness and individuality do not abide together; nor is external excitement the cause or the concomitant of thought"—it is, indeed, somewhat like a mustard-plaster, a counter-irritant. "It is against the wide, drab background of the country that thought most naturally reacts, thinking being only the excitement of a man discovering himself, as he is compelled to do, when bending horizon and arching sky shift as he shifts in all creation's constant endeavor to swing around and centre on him." This is not ill said, and is mainly true, though it needs, as a corrective, Professor Van Dyke's remark that "Bismarck used to declare that he was never so happy as in the mountains alone with his dogs; which, perhaps, meant merely that the human problem was for the time abandoned." The city—gregariousness—is not intrinsically unfriendly to thought; it is so only when a certain spirit flourishes there, a spirit of getting-on, as Ruskin would say. Gregariousness in an ancient Athens or Rome, or a more recent Paris, is not gregariousness in contemporary New York or Chicago. To-day, at all events, the city is not a bad thing to keep away from, and the hills of Hingham are not a bad thing to go to, even if they derive their title to the name of hill from tree-stumps. In the gently rolling hills man does readily come to himself. In the words of Mr. Van Dyke: "As we watch them the thought is about ourselves rather than the hills." So Mr. Sharp leaves his humdrum Boston and finds himself in the serenities and wholesomeness, among the chickens and cows, of Mullein Hill.

"To walk humbly with the hens, that's the thing—after the classes are dismissed and the office closed. To get out of the city, away from books, and theories, and students, and patients, and clients, and customers—back to real things, simple, restful, healthful things for body and soul, homely domestic things that lay eggs at 70 cents per dozen, and make butter at $2.25 the five-pound box!" Best of all is a pig. "He takes you out behind the barn; there shut away from the prying gaze of the world, and the stern eye, conscience, you deliberately fill him, stuff him, fatten him, till he grunts; then you scratch him to keep him grunting, yourself revelling in the sight of the flesh indulged. . . . If a pig is the spirit's concession to the flesh, no less is he at times a gift to the spirit. There are times in life when one needs just such companionship as the pig's, and just such shelter as one finds within his pen."

For the rest, these nimble essays by a humorous university professor are eminently readable and personal. No essayist is more candid, at least with respect to lesser things; he has no private affairs—his very salary, present and original, is stated, with details of his mode of life that would be pounced upon by a university survey.

"The Mountain" is a very different type of book. Readers of Professor Van Dyke's earlier books on nature ("Nature for Its Own Sake," "The Desert," "The Opal Sea") will know precisely what to expect in these present "renewed studies in impressions and appearances." The point of view is Ruskinian, but with considerably less imagination and considerably more science—indeed, there is scarcely enough imagination to float the somewhat ponderous science. Much of the book is concerned with physical geography and with geology: bluntly, honestly presented, but somewhat wearisome in the end; and boredom has no place in a book designed to open the eyes of the reader to the beauties, niceties, and sublimities of nature. Doubtless we need to be told what is meant by lateral moraine, by frontal moraine, by the valley train, by an esker, but paragraphs like the one devoted to these definitions may not, without penalty, abound. Some facts will take care of themselves—for example: "At fifteen thousand feet—at the top of Mont Blanc—the sky is the color of a dark-blue gentian with a purple note in it, while the sun has the violet tinge of an electric arc lamp"—but ordinarily facts need to be bathed in imagination, if they are to be steadily interesting. Even the striking facts in the example just quoted would be less impressive without the comparisons with the gentian and the arc lamp. This is where Ruskin was strong; too strong at times, distorting the actuality in his endeavor to reveal the reality as it formed itself in his rather volcanic soul. Unhappily, this is where Professor Van Dyke, with all his revealing exactness and penetration, is wanting.

This emotional inadequacy aside, the book is a welcome supplement and correction of Ruskin's Modern Painters volume on "Mountain Beauty." It is a well-built book (well printed and bound, too, as it happens), which, in only 234 pages, will tell the traveller and dweller in mountain country a great deal about Mountain-Making, Foot-Hills and Rock Bases, The Timber-Line, The Uplands, Mountain Waters, Glaciers and Avalanches, The Snow-Line, Spines and Wedges, The Ranges. What distinguishes the book is the nearly equal expertness in regarding nature from the scientific and the æsthetic point of view. It brings us close to the mountain, closer than mountain-climbing brings many of its devotees (whose activities are "merely Alpine Club stunts in an old game of 'follow my leader'"). And yet one remains, at the last page, unsatisfied. The mystery inherent in the beauty and grandeur remains as dark as ever. Only a seer (Ruskin, for one, was something of a seer in these matters) could illuminate that mystery, make us feel that we are not shut out absolutely from the holy of holies. And Professor Van Dyke, with all his keen perceptiveness, is no seer.

MASTERS' LIABILITY.

Vicarious Liability: A Short History of the Liability of Employers, Etc. By T. Baty. Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d. net.

This little volume contains the most trenchant criticism of the common-law doctrine of the master's liability for his servant's torts, which has come under our observation. Indeed, the learned author's hostility to this doctrine not only impairs the judicial quality of his opinions, but interferes with his accuracy as a legal historian. His prefatory remark that "decisions are criticised with a freedom that may appear excessive" will not be disputed by any reader.

Dr. Baty contends that the modern common-law doctrine as to a "master's liability is based on a tissue of misapprehensions and began in 1692." These misapprehensions originated with Lord Holt, we are told, but we have not been able to discover, either in the text or elsewhere, the fateful decision in 1692. Undoubtedly, at that date, the present doctrine had not been distinctly promulgated by English courts. It did not reach its full judicial development until the

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nineteenth century. But that it is based on a tissue of misapprehensions is, in our opinion, an inaccurate statement. On the other hand, the evidence appears to be overwhelming that it was cautiously, but deliberately, evolved by English and American courts, and rests upon considerations of practical expediency. Dr. Baty names nine different grounds upon which the doctrine has been rested by various writers and judges. None of them is valid in his opinion. But he does not refer to the great judgment of Chief Justice Shaw in Farwell v. Boston, etc., Ry., 4 Metcalf 49, nor cite his view. According to this authority, the rule that a master is answerable for the torts of his servant, whether commanded or ratified by him or not, provided that they are committed in the course of the servant's employment and of the master's business, "is founded on the great principle of social duty that every man in the management of his own affairs, whether by himself or by his agents or servants, shall so conduct them as not to injure another, and if he does not, and another thereby sustains damage, he shall answer for it."

Dr. Baty concludes his criticism of the rule with the assertion that the real reason for its existence is, that under it "the damages are taken from a deep pocket." In other words, the courts have established the rule in the interests of the injured, and in violation of the rights of capitalists. Certainly this is a novel point of attack upon the courts. If his view were correct, the following remark of the author would be justified: "The present is not a very propitious time for withstanding a dogma based on such a principle." No one can doubt that Dr. Baty is leading a forlorn hope. The trend of judicial decision, as well as of legislation, is against him. Fifty years ago there was much authority for the view that the master was not responsible for torts of the servant unless they were committed for the master's benefit. At present, this limitation is not recognized in England, Scotland, or this country. On the contrary, the master's responsibility extends to a servant's torts that are popularly spoken of as malicious, that is, to wrongs done not with a view to promoting the master's interest, but to serving some sinister purpose of the wrongdoer. The only requisite is that the doer be at that time acting in the course of his employment and in the master's business. The modern doctrine rests upon the principle that "if one of two innocent persons must suffer loss by the act of a third, he who put it in the power of the third person to do such act should be compelled to sustain the loss occasioned by its commission."

Dr. Baty admits that legislation, even on the Continent, tends towards the adoption of what he considers the heterodox English view. In Japan, however, he finds his doctrine regnant. There, for the servant's torts, the master is liable only when he has authorized or ratified them.

Notes

The Century Company announces the forthcoming publication of "With Serbia into Exile," by Fortier Jones, and "Tramping Through Mexico, Guatemala, and Honduras," by Harry A. Franck.

In "The Making of Modern Germany" (McClurg; $1.25 net) Prof. Ferdinand Schevill, of the University of Chicago, presents a somewhat elaborated and reshaped series of lectures. Professor Schevill intends primarily to show how Prussia rose out of the conglomerated mass of states constituting the Holy Roman Empire, how she grew in territory and influence, and how she consolidated the German Empire externally by successful wars and internally by permeating all the states of the Empire with the spirit and ideals of Prussia. The first four or five lectures may be read with considerable interest and sympathy. The author keeps his eyes fixed on essentials and he accompanies the facts of history with comment that is animated and interesting, if not profound. All the keener is the reader's disappointment when he comes to various conclusions which Professor Schevill draws concerning the Germany of recent years. Collectivism is certainly not a conscious product of the German people, as he implies. It was deliberately forced upon them from above. Nor did the German Social-Democrats "rally to the defence of the country, with no less fervor apparently than the classes to which they were opposed." When the Social-Democrats voted for the first war budget, they differed from every other party in formally denying all responsibility for existing conditions. Professor Schevill also ignores the discontent in Germany just before the outbreak of the war. He should turn to the files of the newspapers during the winter of 1913-1914—not merely to those of the Social-Democrats, but to less radical papers such as the *Frankfurter Zeitung*—if he would realize the widespread and growing distrust of things as they were.

In "Imaginations and Reveries" (Macmillan; $1.75 net), A. E. (Mr. George W. Russell) reveals some of the iridescent versatility of his mind in prose of extreme fluidity. Scattered cullings from the productions of a score of years, which are here presented for leisurely perusal, all exemplify the same colorful, unpausing use of language. We learn how it is with his soul when he passes through the twilight and the shadowy waters of Yeats's poetry. He introduces us to Mr. Hone's picture of "The Sunset on Malahide Sands," where gray and vapor-laden skies tremble and thrill over the deserted world. He penetrates into the present spiritual conflict in Europe, and behind the veil of the future he sees the state striding in, an omnipresent overlord, organizing and directing private conduct and general industry and inspiring the individual imagination to express a feeling of collective life and power. Some stories there are, too, mystical narratives now illustrating some wisdom of the seer, such as "to wait, to work, and to will in secret," and again reminding us of some greatness we are heirs to or a destiny which is ours though it be far away. Interesting is his defence of the dramatic treatment of legend, for the volume closes with "Deirdre." Produced in 1902 by the predecessor of the present Abbey Theatre Company, it was the first of three dramas so produced on the most beautiful of the love stories in Irish legend. As the play has now been out of print for some years, one finds suggestive a fresh comparison with the verse drama of Yeats and the haunting sadness of Synge's "Deirdre of the Sorrows." A. E.'s shadowy figures do not seize the imagination as do Synge's full-hearted lovers, but they are in one way better suited to convey the atmosphere of the original legend. They live ever in the shadow of the Birds of Angus, whose singing brings love—and death. We hear the trembling strings of the harp of life, which has but three notes, and we know from the first that after sleep and laughter the last sound will be of weeping. The dramatic moments, however, do not stand out in the liquid narrative. It remains, indeed, a romance of far-off days, wherein at intervals the author seems almost to attain his ambition—to recapture "the old forgotten music which was heard in the dûns of kings, which made the revellers grow silent and great warriors to bow low their faces in their hands."

"Our Chief Magistrate and His Powers," by William H. Taft (Columbia University Press; $1.50 net), raises an interesting question of literary ethics. The volume, published in May of the present year, was preceded in April by Mr. Taft's "The Presidency: Its Duties, Its Powers, Its Opportunities, and Its Limitations." The latter volume comprised three lectures given at the University of Virginia, in January, 1915, on the Barbour-Page Foundation; while the volume now before us contains, in six chapters, lectures given at Columbia, during the winter of 1915-1916, on the Blumenthal Foundation. Through delay in the publication of the University of Virginia lectures the two volumes, issued by different publishers, come from the press at about the same time; and comparison shows that not only are the two essentially identical in substance, with the same order of topics, the same suggestions and conclusions, and many of the same historical illustrations, but that large portions of the earlier volume have been reproduced, either word for word or with slight verbal alterations, in the later one. The only real difference between the two is one of quantity. Whether an author, even though he happen to be an ex-President of the United States, is justified in giving substantially the same lectures at different institutions, when each course is to be published, is, as was said, an interesting question of ethics; but, whether there be justification or not, the reader ought certainly to be warned, by preface or otherwise, that the one book is only an amplification of the other.

The substance of Mr. Taft's observations does not call for extended comment. He is "strongly inclined to the view" that a single term of six or seven years would be better than the present constitutional provision; finds "the overwhelming mass of ill-digested legislation" the bane of political methods and the danger to the best interests of the country"; argues for the legislative character of the veto power, and doubts the wisdom of giving to the President a partial veto, as has often been proposed; urges that Cabinet officers receive access to the floor of each house of Congress; commends the substitution by President Wilson of a spoken address in place of a written message; praises the com-

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fortableness and homelikeness of the White House; opposes centralization; urges business efficiency and the limitation of patronage; points out that "what constitutes an act of war by the land or naval forces of the United States . . . really seems to differ with the character of the nation whose relations with the United States are affected"; courteously censures the Senate for its attitude towards arbitration treaties during his Administration; and concludes that "the view of Mr. Garfield and Mr. Roosevelt, ascribing an undefined residuum of power to the President, is an unsafe doctrine, and [one that] might lead under emergencies to results of an arbitrary character, doing irremediable injustice to private right." One cannot but praise the excellent temper in which Mr. Taft writes. Whatever the trials or disappointments of his Presidency, he shows, in these pleasantly written pages, that he can at least recount his experiences with unfailing good humor.

Collectors of all shades have indulged in lachrymose reflections at the prospect of the dispersal of their garnerings, when they have passed beyond. But this is only a form of selfishness. The collector whose heart is warm is not pained by such thoughts. Rather, he thinks with a degree of satisfaction about the time when his treasures will come under the hammer, thus giving to others an opportunity to experience the delight of acquiring a long-coveted book, or manuscript, or memento. It is therefore to be hoped that the late Mr. J. M. Head, of Dorset, England, was such a connoisseur; for his unusual and not unimportant collection of relics of William Penn, and other items relating to the history of Pennsylvania, will be sold at auction in the rooms of Christie, Manson & Woods, London, on July 10. This sale will prove attractive to American bidders. There are portraits of William Penn and his descendants; letters and other papers addressed by colonists to the founder of Pennsylvania, and, most interesting of all, Penn's manuscript account of his journey to Holland and Germany in 1677. Some of the famous Quaker's books, with dated *ex-libris*, are included. Autograph collectors (now a pretty numerous tribe) will have an opportunity to acquire letters written by Wolfe, the conqueror of Quebec, Washington, Paul Jones, Franklin, Burns, Byron, and others. An extra-illustrated copy of Motley's "Dutch Republic," containing several hundred engraved plans, maps, and portraits, will also be sold. The dispersal of this notable collection will bring forth many bids from this side of the Atlantic —which, it is safe to say, really means that the choicest items will be added to some American collection. And where, indeed, could they more appropriately find a resting-place?

The announcement of the publication in the near future of the five-volume work on the great Oseberg burial-ship will be received with interest by American scholars. It will be remembered that in 1904 there was found at Oseberg, near Tonsberg, in southern Norway, a grave-ship of such dimensions and with such interior equipment as to surpass anything of the kind ever discovered before. The find had been the ship-grave of a queen of Vestfold, a province of considerable extent in the region where the present capital of Norway is situated. Its date was the middle of the ninth century, as shown by the language of an inscription found and by the style of the wood-carvings. With the queen had been buried a slave-woman, and there had been buried with her a complete outfit of personal and household effects, such as has been found nowhere else in the Scandinavian north from the pagan age. There was, *e. g.*, a four-wheeled wagon, three sleighs of unusual workmanship, three beds, a chair, two chests, a large loom, and other apparatus for weaving, a mass of cloths, all needed kitchen and household utensils; nothing that could be required for the needs or the comfort of a woman of such station in the world beyond seemed lacking. Oxen and dogs had been buried with her for her journey, and the bones of a span of horses were found.

Many of the wooden objects, including the prow of the ship itself, are covered with beautiful carvings, which give testimony to an art of wood-carving not equalled in modern times. From the standpoint of art alone the find was invaluable. As a whole, it throws new light upon the life and culture of southern Norway a hundred and fifty years before the close of paganism. The Government, of course, at once took possession of it, and the work of restoration was placed in the hands of Prof. G. Gustafson, of the University of Christiania. This work took over seven years; in July, 1912, the find was placed on exhibit in Christiania; the ship is kept in an especially constructed building, the objects in a large room in the Historical Museum. An editorial committee was appointed, and it was decided to publish the work about the find in five volumes, the first two to deal with the antiquarian side and the religious interest of the work; these are to be followed by a volume on the ornamentations, one on the textiles, and one on the inscription and all other phases of scholarly interest (the human skeletons, the animals, remains of plant life, etc., etc.). The first volume is now announced to be ready by October 1, 1916; it has been written by Prof. A. W. Brøgger, of the University of Christiania, and Dr. Haakon Schetelig, of the Historical Museum of Bergen. The next two volumes are to be ready in October, 1917. The whole work, it is assured, will not exceed 300 kroner ($81), and the edition will be limited to advance subscribers. It is to be hoped that a number of our American universities will be able to procure a copy of this handsome publication on this remarkable find.

When, at the beginning of the Gallipoli campaign, there was talk of the imminent fall of Constantinople, the dazzling hope was held out that from its cellars would at last be disinterred a wealth of Greek manuscripts that had lain there unregarded since Byzantine times or been carried off from the Greeks during the Wars of Independence. It is an ancient lure; Poggio brushing the dust from the neglected codices at the monastery of St. Gall had enviable moments. Doubtless we shall hear again of the cellars of Constantinople. Years ago hope ran high that the monasteries of the Near East would disclose to the patient searcher a treasure of classical manuscripts. With such hopes, the Hon. Robert Curzon set out in 1833 to see what could be found; his five years' experiences he wrote out and published, in 1849, under the title, "Visits to the Monasteries in the Levant." The book, popular for some time after its publication and ever delightful, has been reissued in attractive form by the Oxford University Press (2s. 6d.), with an introduction by D. G. Hogarth. The adventures of this "biblical knight-errant," as he called himself, have the sustained interest which a man of character and a sense for literary values, Dana or Kinglake, can sometimes impart to a faithful record of mere incidents by the way. There are thrilling things in the book, like the description of the riot at the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, but for the most part one enjoys the quiet humor of the picture of the Abyssinian monks standing perched upon huge folios to keep their bare feet from the damp, or the lost donkey that made night hideous for the author as he was examining Coptic manuscripts in an Egyptian tomb. One shares the joys and disappointments of the chase when the manuscripts bought and paid for at Meteora, in Albania, have to be returned because of a disagreement among the monks; there is hope that they may be made to change their minds and a messenger overtake us with the coveted volumes, but this, alas, does not happen. Not much came of all his journeyings in Egypt, Palestine, and among the monasteries of Mt. Athos, in the way of classical manuscripts, but he amassed a valuable collection of Greek and Oriental books of an ecclesiastical character, which later found their way to the British Museum. And he left behind a book of travel which forms a perfect complement to a clear fire and an easy chair.

Once to have been reckoned a rival of Tennyson's and to have written literary and reflective essays that are in the line of descent from Lamb to Stevenson, might be regarded as a respectable if no great claim for an author on the attention of posterity. But when Fate malignly concealed him during his short life behind his name and since long before he died he got himself laughed at and called one of the "Spasmodic Poets," there is little wonder that Alexander Smith is among the forgotten writers. Dead in 1867, at the age of thirty-seven, the young Scotsman left behind him a considerable body of prose and verse, some of which, in spite of his several volumes and the posthumous "Last Leaves," still lies scattered in the magazines. "Edwin of Deira" is a dignified and sonorous poem; and of the essays the best are to be had in "Dreamthorp" (1863). This little volume has recently been issued in convenient form by Humphrey Milford, with an introduction by Hugh Walker and notes by F. A. Cavenagh. The more formal literary essays on Chaucer and Dunbar do not cut much of a figure nowadays, but there is delicate fancy in the description of Dreamthorp, the village of the author's purely imaginary retirement, and a grim contrast in that of the crowd that came forth to see a man die, in "A Lark's Flight." There is much agreeable, intimate gossip about a shelf of books (Hawthorne's "Twice Told Tales" is his favorite), about the importance of a man to himself, and in praise of vagabonds. There should be, even in this present world, some readers who will accord the essayist an occasional kindly remembrance.

A laborious task has been carried half way to completion in Clarence R. Aurner's publication of the third volume of his detailed "History of Education in Iowa" (State Historical Society of Iowa). The patchwork nature of Iowa's school legislation acted for years as a deterrent to any comprehensive study

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of education in the State; and even the present author originally embarked upon only the subject of the organization and administration of school districts. With the assistance of the State University and State Historical Society, he was persuaded to begin what will undoubtedly be the most thorough history of education yet written for any commonwealth. The two volumes published in 1914 dealt with elementary education; this one covers the field of secondary education, from the incorporation of the first academy at Dubuque in 1838 to a study of the most recent developments of the township high school. High schools seldom issue much in the way of records or reports, and Mr. Aurner has faced the task of making historical interpretations without any large collection of data upon which to found conclusions. The volume seems to give slightly undue space to private academies, institutions for special instruction, and sectarian schools, upon which there was undoubtedly the most material. Nevertheless, it contains a comprehensive, well-written, and fully documented record of the development of the public high school in county, township, and district, and a description of its relation to primary school and to the colleges and universities.

Descriptions of the resources and social and cultural character of single States have too completely gone out of fashion. Those that were published decades ago were invariably in the nature of flattering prospectuses, designed to attract the immigrant and investor, and since the settling of the West such roseate treatises are little needed. Quite different is the volume called "Indiana: A Social and Economic Survey," by Frances Doan Streightoff and Frank H. Streightoff (Indianapolis: W. K. Stewart). It is a concise and readable account of present-day Indiana, with no effort to gloss over her shortcomings and no wasting of space in empty pæans. Geology, Agriculture, Manufactures, Transportation, Labor, Government, Finances, and Education each receive business-like chapters, some naturally having a considerable historical content; and a division is specially contributed on Charities and Corrections. Such books have a value in the schools as yet ill-appreciated, and this one might well find imitators.

"Les Cables sous-marins allemands" (Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie.; 3.50 fr.), by Prof. Charles Lesage, of the Ecole des Sciences Politiques, is described on the title-page as a chapter of Anglo-German rivalry. The book, though but recently published, was written before the war, having been completed in July, 1914. It presents an objective and presumably accurate study of the expansion of Germany's cable system. The author distinguishes two periods in this development. Until 1893 Germany was obliged to make use of English cables. Objecting not unnaturally to this subsidiary position, she has since then established a fairly complete system of her own, which includes two cables to the United States, and still others to South America, in the waters of the Pacific, and under the Black Sea. The chief interest in this very clear survey of a rather technical subject lies in the evidence afforded that Germany was not in the least thwarted in these projects of expansion. With no effective opposition from England, and with the actual coöperation of France, Germany steadily accomplished the realization of her plans. The book has evidently been published to show the dangers of this weak complacence on the part of France and to render impossible in the future such a concession, for example, as that of allowing Germany to use the great military port of Brest as a cable station.

The fact that A. S. Neill's "A Dominie's Log" (McBride; $1 net) has been extravagantly praised by some British reviewers only shows that the substitution of sentimentalism for sound judgment is not confined to this country. The author, a Scotch schoolmaster, records in these pages his ideas of what education ought to be, and incidentally his views on society in general. Simply on Mr. Neill's say-so, however, intelligent people will not be inclined to accept his view that the best way to teach children is to allow them to chatter to their heart's content, to devour candy, and to indulge in infantile flirtation in class. Nor will the general views expressed by the author, and his frequent reckless overstatement, commend his judgment on educational matters. His literary ideals appear to be represented by Ibsen, Shaw, and Wells—particularly the last, who seems to play Allah to the prophet of Mr. Neill. Borrow is a "horrid bore," and one gathers from the juxtaposition that Dickens is not much more highly regarded. A typical, and rather charming, piece of political wisdom is this: "A state that takes up home rule while the slums of the East End exist is a state run by office boys for office boys." That newspapers are "mostly run for the rich and their parasites" is an obvious misstatement which the prosperity of a halfpenny press refutes. The statement that "no daily newspaper would think of giving the truth [about patent medicines], for the average daily is kept alive by patent-medicine advertisements," contains two inaccuracies: (1) Some daily newspapers have given the truth about patent medicines. (2.) The average daily newspaper does not depend for its existence on advertisements of patent medicines. A characteristic sentence that sounds epigrammatic and is merely nonsensical is: "The great [musicians], they say, begin in the village hall and end in the Albert Hall. The really great would begin and end in the village hall." After this, it is not surprising to learn that Mr. Neill believes, and presumably teaches his "bairns," that the way to cure crime is to reward the criminal, and that he himself, had he been brought up in the slums, would of necessity have embraced a criminal career. Mr. Neill appears to be a tender-hearted person who is fond of children, and who doubtless, in spite of his avowed methods, contrives to teach them something; but one who reasons with the emotions, as does the author of this book, is not qualified to put forward a theory of education.

Not only the war, but also the operation of the National Insurance acts, has presented new problems, or rather aggravated the old ones, of the voluntary hospitals of Great Britain. Last year 50,000 insured persons were admitted to in-patient treatment at these hospitals, representing a charge upon the latter of £300,000, not a shilling of which is provided by the Exchequer. This year the first valuation under the Insurance acts is to be made, and it is expected that fresh legislation will result. These matters are responsible for the new material in "Burdett's Hospitals and Charities," the twenty-sixth annual edition of which is at hand. The editor desires to find a competent person for his successor in continuing the exacting work which he has so long conducted, and which the hurrying years warn him he must not expect to keep up indefinitely.

Gaston Camille Charles Maspero, the archæologist and historian, died suddenly in Paris on June 30, while he was attending a session of the French Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, of which he was secretary. He was born at Paris on June 24, 1846. After completing his studies at the High Normal School, he was delegated in 1880 to found an archæological institute at Cairo. He confined his efforts to Egyptology from this time on. At his death he was a recognized authority upon Egyptian archæology and history. During 1880 and 1886, he was general director of Egyptian museums and excavations. He was the author of a "History of the Ancient People of the Orient," of "Egyptian Archæology," "The Finances of Egypt Under the Lagides," and many other works. Since 1899 M. Maspero has been a professor in the College of France. He was a commander in the Legion of Honor; director of the School of Higher Studies, and honorary member of the Vienna Academy of Sciences.

American Library Association

The thirty-eighth annual conference of the American Library Association came to an end last Saturday after the most successful meeting in its history. Upwards of 1,300 librarians were registered, and the total attendance probably reached 1,500. The sessions were held at Asbury Park, June 26 to July 1.

The convention was saddened by the absence of its president, Miss Mary W. Plummer, director of the Library School of the New York Public Library, whose serious illness prevented her attendance. Her place was taken by the vice-president, Mr. Walter L. Brown, librarian of the Buffalo Public Library, who read the presidential address on "The Public Library and the Pursuit of Truth." The keynote of the conference was "the library's contribution to democracy in education." "So far the American people have trusted the public library," wrote Miss Plummer, "because more and more the public library has trusted the people. Where truths are being debated, no matter how strenuously, the people know that the library will give them both sides."

Among the notable speakers from without the ranks of professional librarians were John Jay Chapman, Robert G. Welsh, dramatic critic of the New York *Telegram;* Miss Mary Ogden White, literary critic; Miss Jessie B. Rittenhouse, editor and critic; John Foster Carr, director of the Immigrant Publication Society, and Dr. Clinton R. Woodruff, secretary of the National Municipal League, Philadelphia. The themes of the general sessions were democracy in relation to reading and scholarship, poetry and the drama as expressions of democracy, pioneer library work today and in the past, and the relation of libraries to the State as indicated by legislation.

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Miss Mabel Wilkinson, organizer and county librarian of Cody, Wyo., told, in a paper replete with incident and humor, of the difficulties attending the establishment of travelling libraries in a country where most of the travelling must be done on horseback; while Miss Mary S. Saxe, librarian of the Public Library, Westmount, Quebec, described the efforts being made to advance the conditions of the public library in Quebec.

The last general session contributed three papers on library legislation in the United States and in the Province of Ontario. In an address on "The Public Library as Affected by Municipal Retrenchment," by Frederick C. Hicks, law librarian of Columbia University, it was stated that during the last year there had been a general reduction in support of public libraries in five States, while in five other States there had been notable special instances of retrenchment. The body of his paper was devoted to a summary of the provisions relating to taxation in the general library laws of each of the several States of the United States. All other phases of library legislation were discussed by Mr. W. H. Brett, librarian of the Cleveland Public Library. The advantages of centralized control of public libraries were well illustrated by Dr. E. A. Hardy's paper on "How Ontario Manages Her Free Libraries." There, all libraries are under the control of a crown minister, who has a seat in the Legislature, and who can therefore directly shape legislation in sympathy with the aims of the Ontario Library Association.

Not the least important features of the conference were the meetings of sections and affiliated organizations, a list of which shows the great diversity and variety of interests. There were section meetings and round-tables on the problems of interest to library trustees, on cataloguing, professional training, children's work, the decimal classification, school libraries, public documents, college and reference work, and agricultural and theological libraries. It was in these smaller groups of workers in special fields that the more technical discussions of the week were held; but there were brought out nevertheless many inspiring phases of present-day opportunity in technical library work. A note often struck was that of preparedness for the solution of the great economic and social problems resulting from the European war. The opportunity and need of mobilizing for use the accumulated knowledge in books and libraries was dwelt upon in a significant group of papers read before the college and reference section.

Each year there meet with the National Association the American Association of Law Libraries, the National Association of State Libraries, the Special Libraries Association, the League of Library Commissions, and the Bibliographical Society of America. The libraries represented in the Special Libraries Association are numbered in hundreds, and illustrate the many modern applications of library methods. Here the library comes closest to the business man. To business and professional men the work fostered by the associations of law librarians and of State librarians is of vital interest. One result of their coöperation is the publication of an Official Index to State Legislation, which records the progress of current legislation in every State, appears weekly, and cumulates in an annual volume, which is provided with an elaborate subject index. The following incident, recounted at the conference, illustrates its utility. "Can you tell me," said Senator Murray, addressing Miss Brown, an assistant in the Legislative Reference Library, "in what States bills have been introduced this year in relation to rural credits?" "Certainly," Miss Brown replied, rapidly turning the pages of the Official Index on her desk. "There was one bill in Kentucky, House bill No. 551; Louisiana, House bill No. 31; Mississippi, House bill No. 46; New York, Senate bill No. 1311; South Carolina, House bills Nos. 603, 606, 649, 1225, and Senate bills Nos. 881, 892, 1616, 1627, 1661."

Mr. Walter L. Brown, librarian of the Public Library of Buffalo, was elected President of the Association for 1916-1917. F. C. H.

Drama

A DRAMATIC EXPERIMENT.

The Symphony Play. By Jennette Lee. New York: Charles Scribner's Son. $1 net.

The idea which prompted the author to write the four one-act plays in this volume is both fresh and practicable, even if she has not succeeded, at the first attempt, in realizing it very effectively. She asks, in a foreword, why it might not be possible to write a series of independent acts, each complete in itself, but "so related in tone, color, and progressive meaning, that together they would form a perfect whole," like the movements of a symphony? There is no discernible reason in the world, but it is plain that in a dramatic symphony the central motive, whose development is to be the connecting link between the parts, ought not to be in any way obscure. A certain indefiniteness is the weak point in the execution of this design. Individually, the little plays are of no ordinary literary or imaginative merit, and collectively they afford interesting and suggestive reading. Presumably, their common theme is love in its various manifestations, human and divine. In "Billy Boy" (Prelude) there is a charmingly realistic sketch of two little boys, bosom friends, who, meeting a benevolent old lady (a fairy of sorts) in the woods, prattle with her in most natural fashion, and fall to fighting upon the smallest provocation, seemingly for the joys of reconciliation. Both are vitally boyish, not in the least degree theatrical imitations.

"The Mother" (Allegro), somewhat oversanguine in its sentimentality, is a pretty story, delicately, sympathetically, and skilfully told, intended to show the refining and restraining influence of maternal love. A young man tells his widowed mother that he is about to elope with a married woman, who is leaving her children behind her. Instead of upbraiding him, the mother, after hinting at the miseries of the social ostracism he is courting, bids him bring the girl home as her guest, and welcomes her in the kindliest fashion. Then, by artful suggestion, in a cleverly plausible scene, she awakens the fugitive to a sense of her error and peril, and induces her to return to her babies before her escapade has been discovered. The son acquiesces in this arrangement, and disaster is averted. The story could be riddled easily by skeptical analysis, but it contains the germs of much wholesome philosophy, and is indisputably fresh in conception and treatment. In purpose and moral it is admirable, and—but only if all the premises are granted—fairly logical.

"The Brother" (Andante) is more conventional, but truer and genuinely dramatic. Here brotherly love and true democracy are the theme. Jem Heddie, inventor, idealist, and workingman, is in love with Helen Stratton, the daughter of his employer, a typical (theatrical) monopolist and capitalist. A strike is imminent, and Jem, the idol of the men, is their spokesman, simply because, by his own experience, he knows that their cause is just. Stratton demands submission as a preliminary to concessions. Jem, backed by Helen, who has promised to marry him, insists upon Stratton receiving a delegation and giving it a patient hearing. His manifest sincerity, and his relation of some tragic facts, compel Stratton to yield a grudging consent. When the delegation is introduced a rabid anarchist tries to shoot Stratton, and Heddie, who interposes, is fatally wounded. This tragic climax is, in a purely theatrical sense, effective, and, from a cynical point of view, may even be regarded as in accordance with a good many precedents, but, in this particular instance, is inartistic, because it confuses the issue. The case would have been different if the victim had voluntarily laid down his life for his cause. But the act is written vigorously, sanely, and with a good grasp of character and existing conditions.

"The Lady with Wings" (Allegro) is more fanciful, with a dash of religious mysticism, but embodies at least one profound truth, the difference between mere kindly generosity and the tender, loving service that springs from sheer goodness of heart. Louise Leavitt is a middle-aged woman, provided with every luxury by a rich and fairly affectionate husband—who, nevertheless, is filled with a strange restlessness and unsatisfied yearnings. She is deeply impressed by the inherent goodness of her gardener, who seems to discern and supply her minor needs almost before she has formulated them in her own mind. In contemplating him she finds new peace and strength, and finally she begins to see in him something divine. Her husband fears that she is losing her mind, and is inclined to be jealous. But old Mrs. Sidborn, a widowed neighbor, tells how she herself has passed happily through a similar experience, through the unconscious influence of the self-same man. She explains it as the natural awakening of higher aspiration—a sort of spiritual rebirth—which is, or ought to be, common to all women who have passed the age of passion, and brings with it a clearer vision, a foretaste of Heaven, and a renewal of youth. Like the

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caterpillar (in the Prelude) that becomes a butterfly, the perfected woman carries angel wings. Craving the highest ideals—the absolute good—she is permitted revelatory glimpses of the spiritual beyond, denied to those who being only pious are blind. This lean and hard synopsis does scant justice to an essentially feminine, but subtle and charming, bit of imagination, which is not in the least sermonic or rhapsodical. The theme is rooted in Christian faith, not in theology; the treatment, though reverent, is vivacious, intellectual, and natural. The piece is genuine, contemporaneous comedy, human with a serious undertone. As a demonstration of the possibilities of the symphonic form in drama, these little plays, perhaps, may fall a little short of their aim, but individually they exhibit notable perception, originality, earnestness, and literary and dramatic ability.

J. Ranken Towse.

Art

ART AS THE CHRONICLER OF WAR.

London, June 15.

It seems to have occurred to a few Englishmen that inspired articles and moving pictures are not the noblest story of the war to leave to later generations who, it is hoped, are now being saved from ever seeing for themselves war on so colossal a scale. A suggestion has been made that artists should be commissioned to draw the great shipyards and munitions factories, as a record for all time of the industrial side of the struggle, but so far nothing definite in this direction has been done. A further suggestion that they should be sent to the front and receive every facility to paint the struggle itself has got so far as the announcement of four painters selected for the purpose: Augustus John, Ambrose McEvoy, Christopher Nevinson, and Eric Kennington. But, apparently, this suggestion came from the social busybodies who love to patronize the last thing in art as they patronize the last thing in fashion, and it is not surprising that the scheme has been dropped almost as soon as announced. The reason given is that the War Office has been inundated by letters presenting the claims of other artists, which is very likely, for a less fortunate choice than that of three of the four men named can hardly be imagined. As it happens, at the moment, they are all three exhibiting with the New English Art Club at the Suffolk Street Galleries, where some idea may be formed of how well, or how little, they are qualified for the task.

John is showing a larger number of paintings and drawings than he often condescends to show in a general exhibition. Two of the paintings are tall, narrow decorative panels, one called Fresh Herrings, the other The Girl by the Lake. In the first there is a group of four women and a boy standing, doing nothing, against a strip of water, with buildings on the further shore. The women are wrapped in great black shawls that cover their heads as well as their bodies. The arms of one are full and she holds a flat basket of the fish that give the panel its name. Another has round, red patches on her cheeks and very yellow hair. All are motionless, formless, their faces flat and vacant; the boy might have come out of a toy book; and they give the curious impression of huge life-size dolls set up on their feet where and as they best could be balanced. There is no attempt at color or composition, at either a realistic or a decorative presentment, and the whole has the sham primitiveness of the modern painter who forgets that it is only the feeling for arrangement and the observation revealed in the work of the true primitive that make up for the technical naïveté. In the other panel the girl who stands alone by the blue lake wears a blue gown and a yellow jacket, her face is expressionless, her pose is one rarely seen out of John's canvases. Here again the painter seems more engrossed with his mannerisms than with the character and truth of his subject; here again color and composition are left to take care of themselves. It looks more than ever as if John either cannot put a design together or is too indifferent or too careless to try to. Nor do his portraits give a reassurance should his services at the front be required and restricted to portraiture. His G. B. S., with eyes shut and large, loose, florid face, is more like Falstaff than the teetotal, vegetarian George Bernard Shaw in the flesh. The Laughing Artilleryman, not only in the title, is a direct challenge to a comparison with Frans Hals, from which John comes out a very bad second. And a third portrait of Mr. H. A. Barker, The Bone-Setter, seated against a gray curtain, is as inanimate as if a lay figure had been the sitter. If John can get no nearer to life than this and no further from his affectations, he is the last man from whom to expect a transcript of life in its most intense moments that would be at once both truthful and pictorial.

It is difficult to accept the name of McEvoy in this connection as anything better than a jest. In his latest phase—though his larger portraits now at the New English are not the most characteristic of it—his sitters, usually women, fade away, through mists of weak paint and weaker water-color, into tiresome, labored shadows. Carrière could envelop his sitters in a pale, gray fog, and yet not lose their character, until towards the end, perhaps, when one feared that the fog he himself evoked was beginning to obscure his vision. But Carrière was a great artist; McEvoy lags woefully behind without the force to fight his own formula—which, it is scarcely necessary to add, is a very different formula from Carrière's. Instead of a battlefield and soldiers, he would most probably paint a vague background of jumbled brush marks and an army of anæmic ghosts. It is sufficient to look at Nevinson's On the Road to Ypres to realize the puzzle piece to which he would reduce any record of war. His soldiers, the long flat road, even the sky above, seem worked out with infinite patience into the lines and angles that would make it easy to cut the painting into bits for children and grown-ups afterwards to spend their leisure in fitting together again. Unless he abandons Futurism, or Cubism, or whatever ism his may be, soldiers and battles on his canvas or paper would continue to be merely so many excuses not to record facts, but to proclaim his adherence to a passing fashion in art.

With Kennington, who is not at the New English, it is another matter. He is young, it is true; the little work he has exhibited proves him under the spell of Pre-Raphaelitism. But this little work proves him also sincere, unafraid of hard study and application, more interested in his subject and in his treatment of it than in himself and fashionable fads. His sincerity inspires confidence. Besides, he has already been to the front, not as a mere spectator, but as one so actively engaged that not long since he returned seriously wounded. He has had experience, and he has made the most of it in the best battle picture as yet painted in England, sent for exhibition not to the New English, but to the Goupil Gallery. He could not reasonably be omitted from any scheme that would have for aim such a record in England as France has made of other wars in the Palace at Versailles.

What is wanted, really, is the painter absorbed, not in his own personality, as John and McEvoy and Nevinson are, but in the reality of war as Velasquez was in his day, or in its decorative motive as Uccello was in his. And Kennington is not alone in having had at least the experience—that is the best basis for realism. Spencer Pryse also has been to the front and brought back lithographs that, despite their tendency to melodrama, have their inspiration in fact. Solomon Solomon, who is turning his talents to practical use in the land of trenches, has the Paris training and the technical skill for the big *machine* that, if prosaic as art, has its value as history. Men of the Caton Woodville school can give plenty of reality, if stated in the terms of sensational journalism. Even Brangwyn, without experience and with mannerism, has done war posters that tell on the London hoardings and might forget to be mannered for the sake of more important commissions.

Orpen is serving—he is Second Lieut. Orpen now—and, moreover, has the vigor and vivacity and straightforwardness rare in the British painter. He, no doubt, could produce a record that would live, though his large picture at the New English scarcely establishes his claim. It is one in which he displays less his unquestionable powers as a realist than his decorative philanderings as the admiring student of Piero della Francesca, a master who amuses him to the point of occasional imitation. His Nude Pattern—Holy Well, Ireland, is another

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landscape in the manner of Della Francesca, very much like the one he exhibited in the same gallery a year or so ago. Scattered through the landscape are men and women who dress or undress and come to bathe or return from the bath in the healing waters, where a monk watches on one side and a nun in shining robes kneels in prayer on the other, and above, a curiously cynical note, a modern Irishman stands, looking on, with a pipe in his mouth. Orpen may please to call it a "nude pattern," but if the nudity is there, the pattern is not. The figures are not woven together in rhythmical lines and spaces as in Piero della Francesca's decorations, but they and the clothes heaped and strewn over the ground are merely so many disjointed spots and splotches of color. Indeed, the only one of the several decorative schemes and projects at the New English that reveals a decorative sense is a panel by Cayley Robinson, one of a series for the New Entrance Hall of the Middlesex Hospital. His subject, the title explains, is The Doctor, and the patients are grouped in an even gray light, on either side of a bare, peaceful courtyard, the conventionalized wall of the hospital stretching behind them, one long, slim trunk of a tree rising in the centre of the court. The figures—men, women, and children—are irritating in the affectation of the types and poses for, though nothing may be further from his intention, Cayley Robinson always appears to be striving to see the world and humanity through the eyes of Blake at one extreme, and Carlos Schwabe at the other. But the groups are well balanced, the tree is a well-placed link between them, the color and quality are so appropriate that it seems more than likely the design has been carefully considered in its relation to the wall space it is to fill and the light in which it is to be seen. It must actually be seen there, however, not alone, but with the other panels of the series, before the artist's success can be rightly measured.

If the desired war record is to consist largely of portraits, the outlook is not encouraging. The Royal Society of Portrait Painters has just opened its show at the Grafton Galleries and everywhere on the wall are portraits of men in uniform. But they are as dull as photographs. In the whole collection, the one good, strong rendering of character is the Phil May in red hunting coat painted many years ago by the president, J. J. Shannon—a memorable portrait which it is a pleasure to have the chance to see again. However, the most important feature of the exhibition is not the work of the ordinary members, but the room devoted to the charcoal drawings by Sargent, an honorary member, who has lent them for the benefit of the Arts Fund, to which all the profits of the show are to be devoted. It must be confessed that, at a glance, these portraits, of much the same size, framed almost all alike, the greater number of young women with elaborately dressed hair, produce the impression of a series destined for some new Book of Beauty. They are, of course, amazingly skilful, and to look at each separately is to detect a subtle expression of character, even if it be merely the want of character the satirist of the world of fashion is quickest to detect. Sargent's real interest, evidently, was aroused only by the older women who sat to him—Lady Ritchie, with kindly old face encircled by an old-fashioned, Quaker-like bonnet, or Evelyn Viscountess de Vesci, with the tragic eyes and the tragic wrinkles of age, both heads rendered with a sympathy unexpected in Sargent. He strikes one, again, as indifferent when he draws the good-looking young men and the well-groomed older men of the same world. It is before Christian De Wet that he grows once more keen and alert, seeing and suggesting with wonderful truth the force, the strength, of the man born to be leader of men, as he divined it in the rough, worn face, with the ill-cared-for hair and beard, the heavy eyelids, the hard, determined mouth, and the expression of astuteness or slimness that gives a clue to the character of the great general who could command like a hero and yet, to help his people, could stoop to demand his price as a sitter; for this must be the portrait made when, shortly after the South African War, the Boer generals were in London on a mission for their countrymen, and Sargent was surprised by De Wet's asking what he was to be paid for sitting. But the most interesting of all the drawings are in the small group dating back to a much earlier period in Sargent's career. One is a little head of Carmencita, in which it is extraordinary how, in black-and-white, Sargent has given the effect of the strangely pale, powdered face and the narrow glittering eyes that you get in the painting. Another, still smaller, is simply the outline on brown paper of the profile of Madame de Goutran, whose portrait by him has just been bought for the Metropolitan Museum. And with these two are studies for the little girls in his Carnation Lily, Lily Rose, now in the Chantrey collection.

I wrote in my last letter of the rumor as to the resignation of Rodin from the presidency of the International Society. The rumor has since been confirmed, a fact which is much to be regretted. His name still conferred distinction on a society that has been gradually falling from its once high estate. However, this has not interfered in any way with the Whistler Memorial which Rodin undertook originally at the request of the Society. He has lately written to the committee which has the matter in charge that the memorial is all but finished, that it will be entirely finished by the end of the war, and that, six months after the war is over, it will be in place in London, the months intervening being necessary for its successful casting in bronze, not possible now that no artisans remain in Paris to see to it. The news is of interest to all lovers of art in the United States, since a replica of the monument is to be set up in Lowell, Massachusetts, Whistler's birthplace. N. N.

Finance

TAKING THE RECKONING.

To the financial markets, the middle of the year is traditionally a period for casting the horoscope. The first six months and the second six months may be governed (as they were last year) by similar general tendencies; but the story is never quite the same in both of them. It was not so in 1915; for although the year as a whole was the chapter of revival in American finance and trade, it was not until after the middle of the twelvemonth had gone by that even Wall Street ventured to talk at all confidently of "prosperity."

Even then, as most people will remember, the financial community itself was incredulous. Nowadays we know that the oracle spoke truth. But it is not every year of which it can be said that the tendencies of the first half and the second half were the same. Passing over 1914—when all previous expectations were necessarily upset by the events at the end of July—there is 1912, a year of rapid recovery up to midsummer, and of reaction and uncertainty afterwards; 1911, in which gradual recovery was the order of the day until the failures of the midsummer crop and the Morocco dispute turned the next six months into disastrous reaction; 1909, a year of rapidly rising markets during half its history, but of financial confusion afterwards. One need hardly go further to recall the doubts and hesitations of the first half of 1904, followed by the rapid recovery of the second half; or the famous boom that occurred in the first six months of 1901, with the unpleasant sequel that came afterwards.

One obvious reason why midsummer often marks such a turn is the influence of the harvests; another, very familiar in older years, has been the strain on the money markets which accompanied the autumn activity in trade, and thereby tested the real character of the situation. In both of these respects, it is evident, to begin with, that the present position and outlook differ considerably from what they were a year ago, or even six months ago. So far as regards our harvests, it will be impossible to repeat this year the achievements of 1914 and 1915. As against the 891,000,000-bushel wheat crop of 1914, and the thousand million bushels of last year, the United States will be lucky if it raises 725,000,000 bushels; the Government forecast as of June 1 named an even lower figure.

It is true that the surplus left over from the huge crop of 1915 is so great that it will add to the marketable reserve of wheat for many months to come. With the yield above suggested for 1916, the average crop for the two years would be 860,000,000 bushels, or more by nearly a hundred million than any previous wheat crop except that which was sold at abnormal prices in the opening year of war. Perhaps the farmer's average reve-

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nue from his grain will be as large as last year's. But as a rule, a smaller harvest means at least some change in economic conditions.

A year ago the New York banks held a surplus of $193,000,000, and the gold import movement, which first rose to spectacular proportions last August, foreshadowed the further rise in the surplus to the $224,000,000 of September. Three weeks ago, the surplus was down to $55,800,000. The gold imports had ceased in the early weeks of 1916, loans had expanded, and the interior was drawing cash from New York to use in its busy trade. It was then that an autumn of rising money rates, for the first time since the end of 1914, began to be predicted. That would at least make the second half of 1916 a new chapter in the wartime markets.

Something like this may yet be witnessed. But it is not to be overlooked that, during the past few weeks, the very conditions which prevailed a year ago have been renewed. Since the early part of May, we have imported $100,000,000 gold, at a time of year when exports have usually been the rule, and we have thereby anticipated the gold import movement of the autumn, which, in former years, was expected to provide for the harvest season and keep down money rates. It must be remembered that the largest gold import of any month before this war began was $63,000,000, and that a total arrival of $50,000,000 or $75,000,000 in an entire season was as much as even a prosperous American market could expect. Furthermore, this gold import comes in response to a monthly excess of merchandise exports which is far surpassing every record. In other words, the tangible cause of the money market conditions last autumn is still strongly in operation.

Six months ago, every one would have assigned the possibility of peace in Europe as a factor in the last six months of 1916. To-day, no one suggests that influence. Three months ago, the breaking-off of relations with Germany would have been first in mind as a dominating cause for changed conditions. But people have now all but forgotten the "German crisis." At present it is the chance of war with Mexico, and that event would undoubtedly compel some new calculations. But even Mexico is as yet only a contingent possibility.

Meantime the European war continues, and with it the peculiar forces which it brought to bear on this country's trade and finance. It is at least a possibility that the next six months will merely repeat the story of a prosperous neutral in the greatest of all wars. But even this consideration may depend on the course of the war itself.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Beresford, J. D. These Lynnekers. Doran. $1.50 net.
Cannan, G. Three Sons and a Mother. Doran. $1.50 net.
Day, H. Blow the Man Down. Harper. $1.35 net.
Gray, M. The World Mender. Appleton. $1.35 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Adams, H. The Pioneer Boys of the Columbia. Boston: Page.
Condé, B. The Business of Being a Friend. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Gosse, E. Inter Arma. Scribner.
Hill, D. J. Americanism—What It Is. Appleton. $1.25 net.
Johnston, C. H. L. Our Little Viking Cousin of Long Ago. Boston: Page.
MacBride, T. H. On the Campus. Cedar Rapids, Iowa: Torch Press.
Manning, C. A. A Study of Archaism in Euripides. Columbia University Press.
Powys, J. C. One Hundred Best Books. G. A. Shaw. 75 cents net.
Shawmeker, H. Tales from a Boy's Fancy. Kansas City, Mo.: Burton Publishing Co. $1.50 net.
Sherbow, B. Making Type Work. Century. $1.25 net.
The Publications of the Champlain Society in North America. Vol. III. The Journal of Capt. John Knox. Toronto, Canada: The Champlain Society.
Valle, I. Epitaphs of Some Dear Dumb Beasts. Badger. $1 net.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Cable, B. Action Front. Appleton. $1.35 net.

POETRY.

Johnson, R. U. Poems of War and Peace. Bobbs-Merrill.
Lewis, G. W. Poems of Panama. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.
MacDonagh, T., and Others. Poems of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood. Small, Maynard. 50 cents.
The Rime Nuove of Giosuè Carducci. Translated from Italian by L. F. Gilbert. Badger. $1.25 net.

DRAMA AND MUSIC.

Rafferty, E. Everyman Militant: A Modern Morality. Boston: Sherman, French. $1 net.

FINANCE.

Kahn, O. H. High Finance. American Newspaper Publishers' Association.

TEXTBOOKS.

Dooley, W. H. The Education of "The Ne'er Do Well." Houghton Mifflin.
Hall, J. Our Ancestors in Europe. Silver, Burdet & Co.
Tallant, G. A., and Umholtz, F. H. Common School Elementary Arithmetic. Common School Advanced Arithmetic. Laird & Lee.
Webster, E. H. English for Business. New York: Nelson & Co.
Williams, J. D. Reading Conversation Composition. Graded Language Exercises. Laird & Lee.

The New Poetry

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